

FEB.
No. 16

WEIRD TALES
OF HORROR!

WE HUNG THOSE TWO
MEN FOR KILLING BOLTON...
BUT... BUT BOLTON'S CUTTING
THEM DOWN HIMSELF!

HORROR
OF THE
WALKING
DEAD

By Fleishman



GAIN MORE WEIGHT IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!



SKINNY

MEN ARE OFTEN ASHAMED TO STRIP FOR SPORTS OR FOR A SWIM!

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE-CATCHING CURVES!

CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT AND ARE UNDERWEIGHT, OFTEN CALLED SKINNY!

Now at last More-Wate plan that puts firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.

No Skinny Scare-Crow for me!



Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. **Guaranteed** to give you up to an extra pound a day! Or your money back! Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're underweight* . . . or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, you can put on up to a pound a day of attractive weight without exercise . . . dangerous drugs . . . or special diet . . . and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible . . . with MORE-WATE. MORE-WATE contains no

dangerous drugs . . . you eat it like candy! Yet . . . if you were to have this same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain 4-way MORE-WATE tablets . . . a full 10 days' supply . . . for just \$1.00 or a 30 day supply for only \$2.98, plus a 10 day supply free, with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, try MORE-WATE for TEN DAYS . . . and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose . . . and weight to gain! Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads

Not one child yet has failed to go for and ask for more MORE-WATE tablets! Stop worrying about children not eating enough, give them MORE-WATE tablets—it stimulates their appetite . . . they eat it like candy!

summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't. Don't be a wall-flower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! Gain more weight!

10-DAY SUPPLY \$1. ONLY

The 4-way MORE-WATE tablets are unconditionally guaranteed to put on weight . . . or it doesn't cost you a penny! MORE-WATE is a delicious, full strength, 4-way tablet . . . that combines not just one . . . or two . . . but 4 of the most amazing aids for gaining weight known to medical science. MORE-WATE is not a liquid . . . not a powder. It's delicious, pleasant-tasting tablet! It contains vitamin B-12 . . . the amazing red vitamin doctors give many underweight patients in hospitals . . . It contains Iron that helps correct iron deficiency, anemia and builds rich, red blood. It contains appetite-building vitamin B-1 . . . and it contains nutritious easily assimilated malt, the amazing ingredient that helps your body turn much of the food you eat into well rounded flesh instead of being wasted. That's the secret of putting on weight. Now you can help your food to add new pounds to your arms, chest, hips, thighs, and legs. Now you don't have to be skinny . . . or afraid to be seen socially and be ashamed of your figure! You must achieve the figure you want . . . or don't pay anything. Act now!

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318 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

Just mail us your name and address, and \$1.00 cash, check or money order. You will receive a 10 day supply of MORE-WATE tablets and plan, postage prepaid.

☐ Send me 30 day supply plus an extra 10 day supply (that's a 40 day supply) for \$2.98. I understand that if I am not delighted with MORE-WATE tablets and plan, I can return the 30 day supply in 10 days for full purchase price refund, and keep the 10 day supply without charge.

NAME..... ADDRESS.....

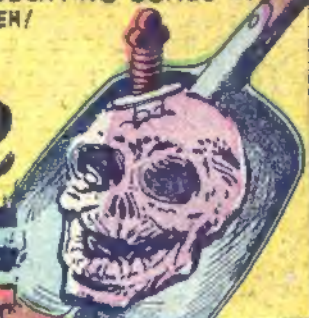
CITY..... STATE.....

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST

DARK MYSTERIES is published bimonthly by Master Comics, Inc., at 11 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at the Post Office at Derby, Conn. Single copies 10c. Subscription 12 issues \$1.20. Copyright 1953 by Master Comics, Inc. Feb., 1954, Issue, Vol. 1, Number 14. Printed in the U.S.A.

WELCOME GHOULS, TO ANOTHER WELL FERTILIZED DARK MYSTERY OF A GREEDY SISTER PLOTTING FOR AN INHERITANCE - BY LYING, CHEATING, MURDERING! WATCH OUT READERS, FOR HER SOUL IS AS SLIMY AND PUTRID AS THE DECAYING BONES IN THE GRAVE / I KNOW... I AM THE GRAVE KEEPER NOW, HEH/HEH/

The HORROR of the WALKING CORPSE



NOT LONG AGO, THIS REEKING, DECAYING THING WAS AUSTIN BARLO, A RESPECTED, LOVED MAN. WHEN HE DIED SUDDENLY, NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS CAME FROM FAR AND WIDE TO MOURN HIM AND BURY HIM...



THE RACKING SOBS OF ANN, THE FARMER'S WIDOW AS SHE HURLED HERSELF ON THE FRESH GRAVE CAUSED TEARS TO FLOW IN MANY EYES..

AUSTIN... I CANNOT LEAVE YOU, EVEN IN DEATH!



THIS REEKING, SMELLY CORPSE, RISEN FROM HIS SLIMY GRAVE SEEKING, SEEKING, WAS ONCE AUSTIN BARLO, PROSPEROUS HARD WORKING FARMER, HAPPILY MARRIED TO THE SIMPLE BUT ADORING, ANN. ONLY AFTER DEATH, DID THE EVIL IN THE FAMILY COME FORTH AND A SUDDEN, STRANGE POWER IN THE EARTH FORCED THE DEAD TO RISE AND SEEK RETRIBUTION!

ANN'S POOR SISTER, PRISCILLA, AND HER HUSBAND, PETER, KEPT CLOSE TO ANN. SO CLOSE, THAT ANN FELT LIKE A PRISONER.

IT'S LUCKY WE LIVE CLOSE BY SO WE CAN BE NEAR YOU IN YOUR SORROW!

TH-THANK YOU, PRISCILLA. BUT PLEASE LEAVE ME ALONE FOR A WHILE!

OF COURSE, AUSTEN WAS NOT ALWAYS A PUTRID DECAYING THING OR A NEWLY DEAD CADAVER. ONCE HE WAS A LOVING, SUCCESSFUL FARMER, ASSISTED BY HIS ADORING ANN.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO HELP ME, ANN, OUT HERE.

I CAN NEVER LEAVE YOU, AUSTEN!



AND THEY HAD A STRANGE FRIEND, JACOBUS, WHO SOLD THEM FERTILIZER AND ALSO ADORED THE FAITHFUL ANN...

YOU SELL US FERTILIZER TO MAKE US RICH AND GIVE US COMPANY TO MAKE US HAPPY!



YAH, YOU ARE MY FRIENDS, I SHALL ALWAYS TRY TO HELP YOU!



BUT NOW, EVERY NIGHT, FOR MANY NIGHTS AFTER THE FUNERAL ANN STOLE AWAY TOWARD THE COLD AND LONELY GRAVE WHERE HER BELOVED AUSTEN LAY AND STAYED UNTIL DAWN...

AUSTEN, AUSTEN, I CAN'T BEAR IT WITHOUT YOU. YOU WERE SO FAITHFUL!



AS ANN'S EYES LIGHTED ON HER OWN NAME MARKED ON THE DOUBLE GRAVE-STONE JUST AS SHE HAD ORDERED, AN EMOTION OF WILD JOY SEIZED HER.

SOMEDAY I WILL LIE NEXT TO YOU FOREVER, MY DARLING!



ONE NIGHT RETURNING HOME FROM THE GRAVE, ANN FOUND PRISCILLA AND PETER WAITING, STRAINED, FIXED SMILES ON THEIR LIPS. THEY HAD LEARNED THE SECRET OF HER NIGHTLY VISITS...

ANN, DEAR, WE'VE COME TO LIVE WITH YOU FOR A WHILE. AND KEEP YOU AWAY FROM THAT GRAVE!

IT'S NOT RIGHT FOR YOU TO VISIT AUSTEN'S GRAVE EVERY NIGHT.

WHAT SHALL I DO? HOW CAN I GET OUT TO BE WITH AUSTEN!



PREVENTED FROM VISITING AUSTEN'S GRAVE, ANN DECIDED ON A NEW, MACABRE PLAN ...

YES! I'LL BRING AUSTEN HERE! BARNEY WILL HELP ME!



THE NEXT DAY, DOWN AT THE BARN, ANN IS PLEADING FRANTICALLY WITH OLD BARNEY, THE HANDYMAN...

BARNEY, YOU MUST HELP ME GET AUSTEN'S BODY, WE WILL BRING HIM TO MY ATTIC. HELP ME AND I'LL PAY YOU WELL!

IT SOUNDS CRAZY BUT I'LL DO IT!



UGH!



AND SO THE EMBALMED DECAYING CORPSE OF AUSTEN WAS STEALTHILY BROUGHT TO THE MUSTY OLD ATTIC AND TENDERLY PLACED ON AN OLD SOFA BY ANN AND BARNEY...

NOW, MY BELOVED, I CAN COME TO YOU EVERY NIGHT - UNTIL I JOIN YOU IN ETERNITY!



AND NIGHTLY, ANN VISITED THE DEAD AUSTEN...



FEARFUL SHE WOULD SOON BE CAUGHT WITH AUSTEN'S BODY, ANN BEGAN TO CALL ON MR. WILKENS, THE UNDERTAKER.

AND SO MR. WILKENS, I WANT THE NEW MAUSOLEUM BUILT. WILL YOU TAKE CARE OF THE DETAILS - MAKE IT AS BIG AS MY ESTATE WILL BUY - AND HURRY!

IF YOU INSIST, MRS. BARLO...



ONE DAY, BACK AT ANN'S HOUSE, HER SISTER AND BROTHER-IN-LAW WERE ANGRILY DISCUSSING HER...

SHE STILL SNEAKS OUT WITHOUT OUR KNOWING? WHAT'S SHE UP TO?

I'VE WATCHED THE CEMETERY. SHE DOESN'T GO THERE!



ONE THING IS CERTAIN, HUSBAND, SHE CAN'T LAST LONG GOING ON AS SHE IS - AND THEN I INHERIT THE WHOLE FARM!"

YOU'RE A SMART GIRL, PRISSY!

A FEW YEARS AGO, PRISCILLA WAS A LITTLE GIRL PLAYING WITH HER SISTER, ANN, TODAY HER GREED-BITTEN SOUL PLAYED WITH EVIL MACHINATIONS...

PETER, I FOUND OUT WHERE ANN WAS TODAY. SHE VISITED THE UNDERTAKER!

D'YA THINK WE SHOULD PAY HIM A CALL TOMORROW, DEAR?

TWO HUMAN SPIDERS SAT IN THE UNDERTAKER'S OFFICE THE NEXT DAY, SEEMINGLY SPINNING THEIR WEB...

YES, PRISCILLA, YOUR SISTER-IN-LAW ORDERED AN ELABORATE MAUSOLEUM FOR HER HUSBAND'S REBURIAL AND PLANS TO ALTER HER WILL SO THAT HER ESTATE WILL COVER THE COSTS!

HER MIND'S A LITTLE UNSETTLED, YOU KNOW!



THEN THE PLOTTERS WATCHED THEIR EVIL SCHEME...

PETER WAS THE TOWN PHOTOGRAPHER AND KNEW ALL THE TRICKS OF HIS TRADE...

I HAVE A PLAN. ALL THOSE OLD PICNIC PICTURES, I WILL USE THEM TO MAKE INTIMATE PICTURES OF AUSTEN AND YOU AND I'LL ALSO REWRITE SOME LETTERS!



ALL THAT NIGHT, PRISCILLA AND PETER WORKED FEVERISHLY, CUTTING, PASTING AND PHOTOGRAPHING MONTAGES AND REPEATING PARTS OF LETTERS AND PRISSY PLAYED HER HAND...

WH- WHAT'S THIS? NO! YOU AND AUSTEN? I DON'T BELIEVE IT! AND IN THIS LETTER HE SAYS HE LOVES YOU!

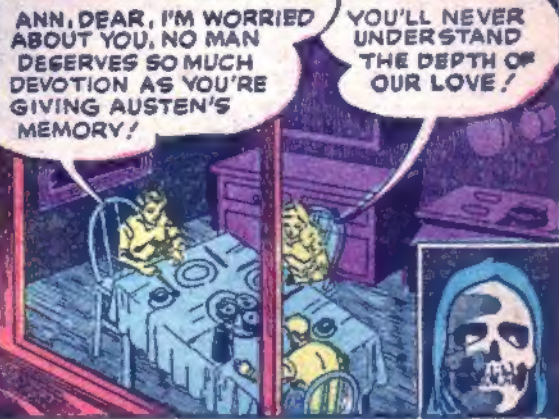
I HAD TO CONFESS, ANN - TO SAVE YOU FROM WASTING YOUR LOVE ON A DEAD MAN WHO BETRAYED YOU!



AT BREAKFAST, THE NEXT MORNING, AFTER ANN'S NIGHTLY VIGIL WITH THE BODY OF AUSTEN - UP IN THE ATTIC, PRISCILLA MAKES A DESPERATE EFFORT TO DISTRACT ANN FROM GOING TO THE LAWYER'S....

ANN, DEAR, I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOU, NO MAN DESERVES SO MUCH DEVOTION AS YOU'RE GIVING AUSTEN'S MEMORY!

YOU'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND THE DEPTH OF OUR LOVE!



RAGE AND FURY FILLED THE SEETHING MIND OF THE SHOCKED ANN AS SHE SAW THE FAKE ROMANTIC POSES BETWEEN HER SISTER AND HER ADORED HUSBAND...

I'M SORRY, ANN, BUT AUSTEN AND I LOVED EACH OTHER!

AND I PLANNED TO KILL MYSELF TO BE WITH HIM. I EVEN WROTE A SUICIDE NOTE! HOW HE FOOLED ME!



ALL THE GRIEF AND HEART-ACHE IN ANN TURNED TO WILD HATRED AND FURY THAT NIGHT.

YOU MONSTER / MAKING LOVE TO MY OWN SISTER / **PRETENDING** TO ADORE ME! I WILL GET RID OF YOU **FOREVER!**



WITH SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH, ANN AND BARNEY DRAGGED THE CORPSE OF HER HUSBAND FROM THE ATTIC, ACROSS THE FIELDS, UNDER A WILLOW TREE WHERE SHE HAD DUG A GRAVE....

THERE! YOU CAN ROT HERE! THE GRAVEYARD IS TOO GOOD FOR YOU!



I HATE YOU!
I HATE YOU!



SOON PRISCILLA WAS READY WITH PART TWO OF HER HASTY PLAN. IN ANN'S BEDROOM, PRISCILLA PUT SLEEPING PILLS IN HER NIGHTLY GLASS OF MILK....

THIS WILL KNOCK YOU OUT, MY PRETTY SISTER!



WITH COLD CALCULATION, PRISCILLA WENT ABOUT HER MURDEROUS TASK AS HER SISTER SLEPT IN A DRUGGED SLEEP...

A PERFECT SUICIDE! THE GRIEF-STRICKEN WIFE / THIS GAS WILL KILL YOU!



PRISCILLA'S PLANS WORKED TO PERFECTION. WHEN ANN'S NOTE WAS FOUND HER DEATH WAS CALLED SUICIDE - OF COURSE AUSTEN'S BODY WAS FOUND MISSING.

WHAT A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY / BUT AUSTEN'S GRAVE IS **EMPTY!** WHERE'S HIS **BODY?**



NOW PETER AND PRISCILLA OWNED THE FARM AND WORKED HARD TO INCREASE THE PROFITS...

IT'S GOOD TO OWN THE PLACE AT LAST, PETER!

WE'LL BE RICH, BEFORE I GET THROUGH WITH IT!



AS THEY GLOATED OVER THEIR NEW PROPERTY, PETER AND PRISCILLA WERE STARTLED BY THE APPEARANCE OF THE QUEER LITTLE MAN, JACOBUS...

REMEMBER, I ALWAYS SOLD AUSTEN FERTILIZER? I HAVE A NEW BRAND, IT WILL MAKE YOU RICH! YOU MUST PUT IT UNDER THE OLD WILLOW TREE AND YOU CAN HAVE IT FREE!

GIVE IT TO US, WE PROMISE!



JACOBUS WAS CONVINCING, THEY TOOK THE FERTILIZER, AND PROCEEDED TO SOW THE FARM WITH IT...



EAGERLY THE TWO SOWED THE MIRACLE FERTILIZER - AND AS THEY PROMISED JACOBUS.. UNDER THE WILLOW TREE...

THE FERTILIZER WILL HAVE TO BE GOOD TO MAKE THINGS GROW OVER THIS AREA!



TO THE DELIGHT OF THE AMBITIOUS PRISCILLA AND PETER, THE MIRACLE FERTILIZER DID ITS WORK - WITH AMAZING RESULTS...

LOOK! I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH GROWTH-SUCH FERTILITY!

PETER, WE'RE RICH!



THE FERTILIZER WAS INDEED PERFORMING MIRACLES BUT IT ALSO FERTILIZED AUSTEN'S CORPSE! AT THE EDGE OF THE FARM, THE SHALLOW GRAVE WAS OPENING...



WHAT POWER WAS BEING WORKED ON THE EARTH THAT THRUST FORTH, EVEN THE DEAD?



ON CREAKING JOINTS, THE FERTILIZED SKELETON OF AUSTEN, THE AXE SPLITTING HIS CRANIUM, GREW STRONG. ..IT ROSE FROM THE GRAVE AND GAZED TOWARD THE FARM WHERE PETER AND PRISCILLA NOW LIVED...



PLODDING SLOWLY BUT INEXORABLY, THE BONY FIGURE TOOK A STRAIGHT PATH TOWARD THE HOUSE...



PLODDINGLY, THE REEKING THING ENTERED THE HOUSE...



WAKED FROM A PEACEFUL SLEEP FILLED WITH DREAMS OF WEALTH AND POWER, PRISCILLA AND PETER LAY FROZEN IN HORROR, PARALYZED... AS THEY SAW AUSTEN'S SKELETON BESIDE THEM...

G-GO AWAY... YOU'RE DEAD!

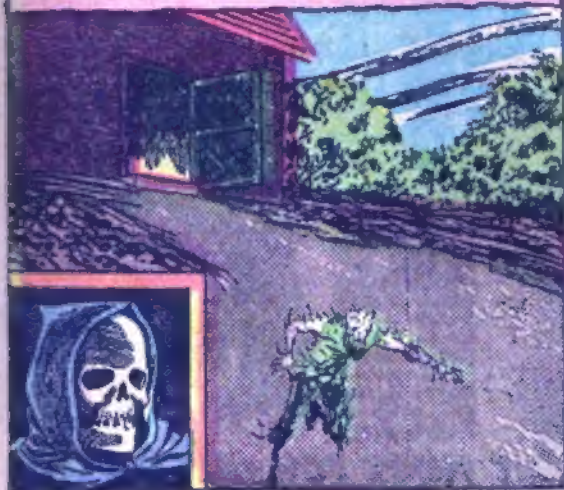
UGH... WH-WHAT DO YOU - WANT?



WHAT DID AUSTEN'S SKELETON WANT? YOU HAVE YOUR **ANSWER**, PETER AND PRISCILLA!



BUT NOW, WHERE ARE YOU GOING, AUSTEN? HAVEN'T YOU FINISHED YOUR MISSION?



IS IT ANN YOU'RE SEEKING, AUSTEN? SHE LIES LONELY, MURDERED, IN HER GRAVE. BESIDE YOUR EMPTY ONE...



A WEIRD SOUND OF CLANKING BONES, SUDDENLY ECHOED THROUGH THE CEMETERY AND BROUGHT THE WATCHMEN, WONDERING, FRIGHTENED...

THE MEN HURRIED IN THE DIRECTION OF THE EERIE SOUND...

IT CAME FROM THERE...

AUSTEN'S WALK WAS ENDED. AT LAST HE CAME TO REST OVER HIS WIFE'S GRAVE...

WHAT WAS THAT? MAYBE THE **GHOULS**!



IT'S AUSTEN BARLO'S REMAINS! BUT WHY, **HOW?** LET'S RE-BURY IT NEXT TO HIS WIFE, **QUICK!**



THE END

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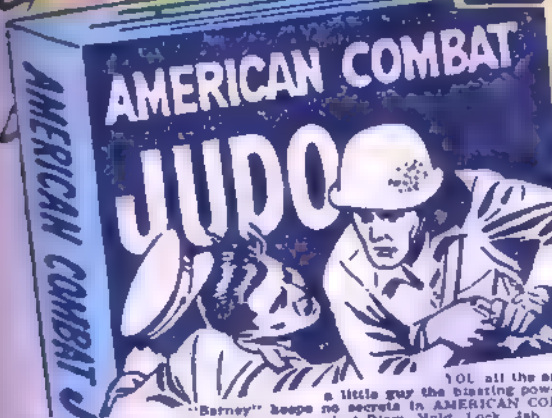
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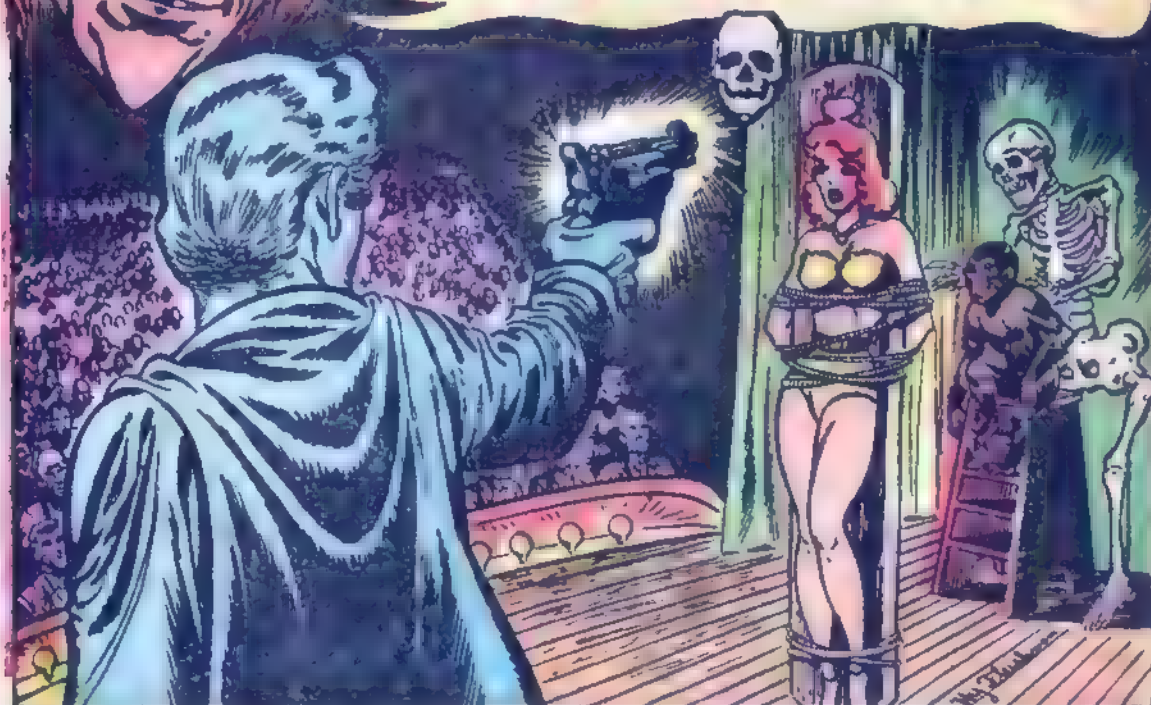
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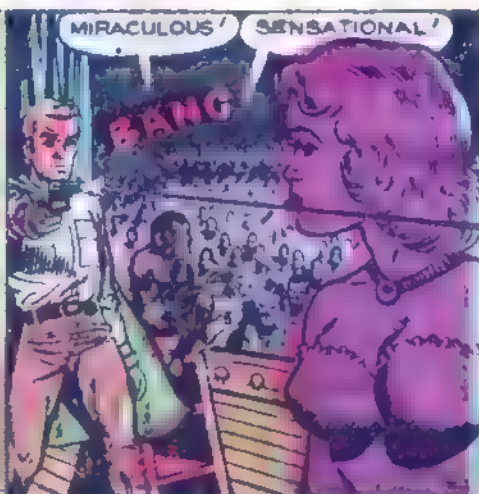
SO, YOU'RE HUNGRY FOR MORE HORROR TALES, YOU STARVING THRILL SEEKERS! WELL, HERE'S SOME FODDER TO SEND QUIVERS THROUGH YOUR SPINES... IF NOT BULLETS THROUGH YOUR BRAINS. AS OUR LUCKLESS LYDIA STANDS A HELPLESS TARGET BEFORE HER N-E-R-V-O-U-S HUSBAND, I AM THE WATCHMAN OF THE GRAVEYARD AND THIS IS FROM MY BEST TALES TOLD TO ME BY THE SILENT DEAD / I CALL IT...

TERROR NEEDS A STAGE!



FOR THREE YEARS LYDIA FOREMAN STOOD BEFORE HER HUSBAND ON THE STAGES OF OLD EUROPE, NERVELESS AND CONFIDENT OF KARL'S PERFECT AIM! THEIR ACT OF CLOSE DEATH SENT SHUDDERS OF FEAR THROUGH AUDIENCES AND BROUGHT THEM SUCCESS AND ACCLAIM THAT TOOK THEM TO THE PINNACLES OF THEIR PROFESSION! UNTIL TONIGHT WHEN THE AUDIENCE FROZE IN THEIR SEATS AS THEY SAW KARL'S ARM QUAVER AND LYDIA'S EYES GLARE IN FRIGHTENED DISBELIEF AS THEY REFLECTED THE MURDER ABOUT TO BE COMMITTED!

EVERY NERVE IN LYDIA FOREMAN'S BODY BECAME TAUT AND HER BREATHING STOPPED EACH TIME KARL DID THE CO-ARETTE ACT BUT AUDIENCES LOVED DEATH'S CLOSE WHINE AND SHE AND HER HUSBAND LOVED THE TREMENDOUS SUCCESS THEY WERE WINNING!



AS THE COMIC RELIEF FOR THEIR SHARP SHOOTING ACT THEY HAD RIMI, A PET MONKEY, WHO WOULD JUMP ON LYDIA'S SHOULDER WHENEVER KARL CALLED HER NAME!



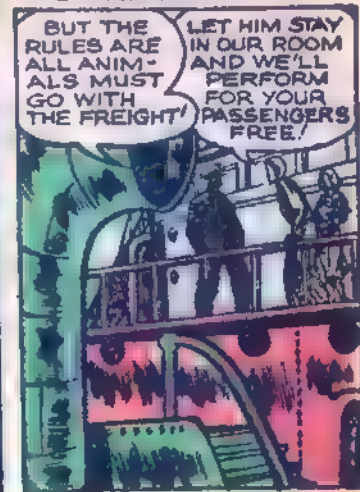
THEY LOVED THEIR UGLY PET MONKEY AND THE CROWD LOVED THEM!



IN THEIR DRESSING ROOM THEIR AGENT EXCITED THEM WITH THE WONDERFUL BOOKINGS HE HAD GOTTEN THEM IN ALL THE OLD CAPITALS OF EUROPE!



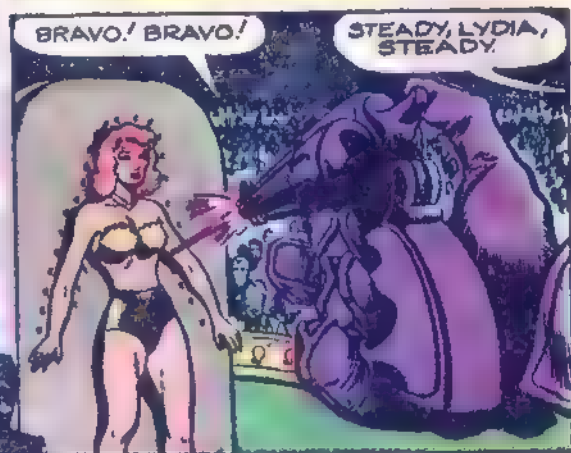
KARL EVEN PREVAILED ON THE CAPTAIN TO ALLOW RIMI TO OCCUPY THEIR STATEROOM...



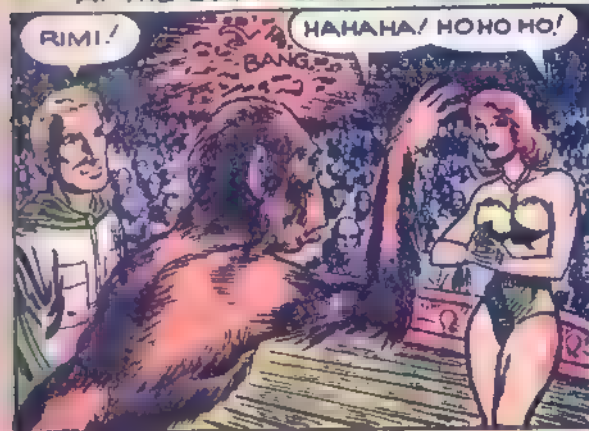
THE CAPTAIN AGREED AND RIMI LOVED THE IDEA SO MUCH THAT THERE AFTER THE MONKEY SLEPT WITH HIS MASTERS...



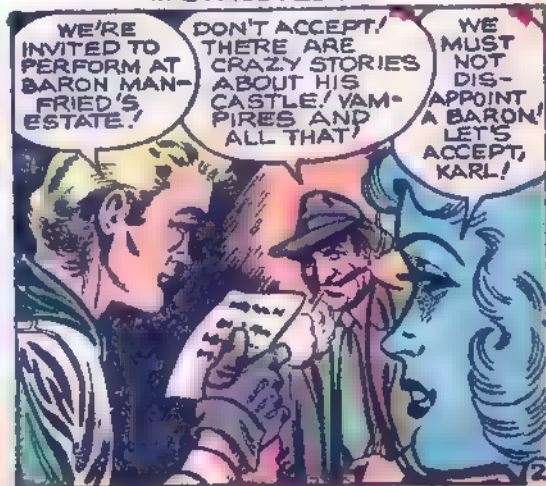
IN LONDON, PARIS, AND NOW VIENNA, THE SHARPSHOOTING ACT OF THE FOREMANS RECEIVED TREMENDOUS OVATIONS! THEIR ACT BECAME MORE AND MORE DARING!



ALWAYS A BIG HIT, RIMI HAD BEEN BROUGHT MORE AND MORE INTO THE ACT! AN EXPLODING APPLE ON HIS HEAD ALWAYS RELIEVED THE TENSION AND BROUGHT A REACTION OF HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER WHEN HE JUMPED ON LYDIA'S SHOULDER AT THE SOUND OF HIS NAME...



AFTER THE SHOW, A MESSAGE WAS DELIVERED TO THEIR DRESSING ROOM, WHICH MOE SENDER, THEIR AGENT, MISTRUSTED...



THE DINGY OLD CASTLE WAS A DISAPPOINTMENT TO LYDIA WHO HAD DREAMED OF HOLLYWOOD GRANDEUR...AND BARON MANFRIED WAS NOT THE WELL-GROOMED SOPHISTICATED NOBLEMAN SHE HAD EXPECTED...



WE BROUGHT RIMI! WE HOPE IT'S ALL RIGHT!

OF COURSE! WELCOME TO REGENSHALLE!

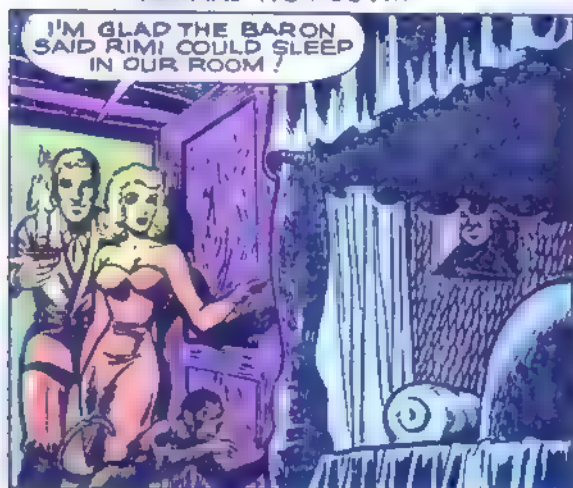
THANK YOU, BARON!

AFTER THEIR PERFORMANCE, THE CONVERSATION TURNED TO THE GOSSIP OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD!



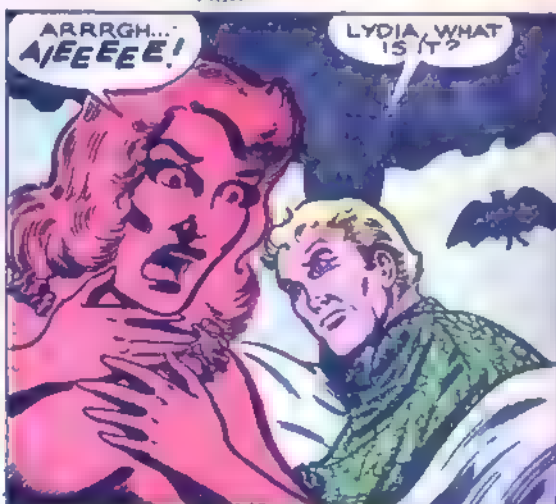
PLEASE DON'T PAY ATTENTION TO THE TALK OF VAMPIRES! THIS IS A SUPERSTITIOUS VILLAGE!

AS THEY RETIRED FOR THE NIGHT, ENTERING THE MUSTY OLD ROOM WITH ITS DARK CANOPIED BED, RIMI RUSHED GLEEFULLY TOWARD ITS FOOT...



I'M GLAD THE BARON SAID RIMI COULD SLEEP IN OUR ROOM!

AS KARL LAY PEACEFULLY SLEEPING, A PIERCING-SCREAM SUDDENLY AWAKENED HIM



ARRRGH... AIEEEE!

LYDIA, WHAT IS IT?

MY THROAT. I'VE BEEN BITTEN. IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE VAMPIRE!



NONSENSE! JUST AN INSECT, PERHAPS... GO BACK TO SLEEP!

AT DAY BREAK, KARL WAS AGAIN AWAKENED BY A COLD WIND. TO HIS AMAZEMENT, LYDIA WAS NOT IN BED



WHERE CAN SHE HAVE GONE?

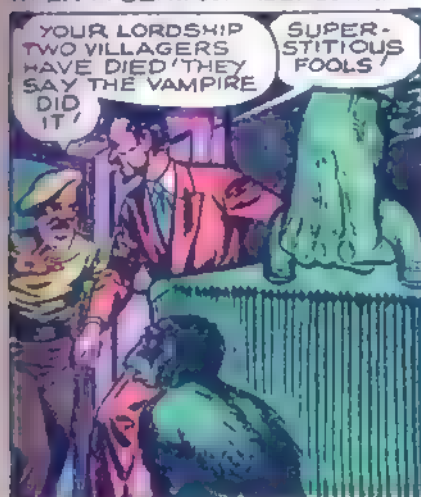
ANXIOUS, SUSPICIOUS, KARL STARTED TO SEEK LYDIA WHEN THE DOOR OPENED...



LYDIA, WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?

OH KARL, I'M SO NERVOUS, I'VE BEEN SLEEP-WALKING!

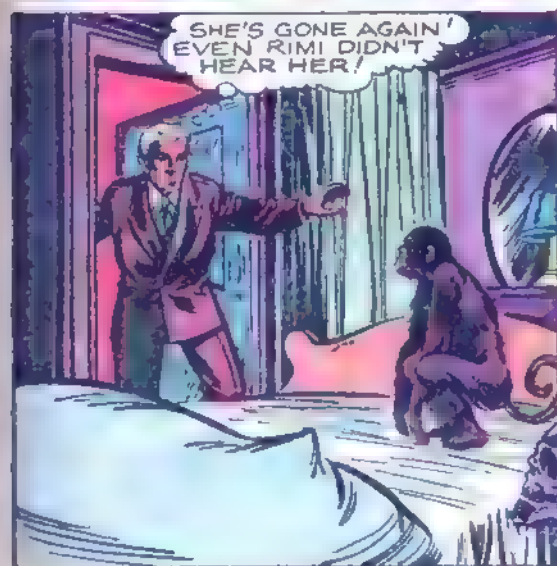
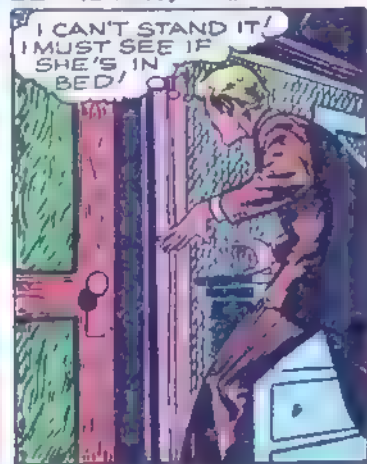
AFTER BREAKFAST KARL AND LYDIA WERE SAYING GOODBYE, WHEN A SERVANT RUSHED IN.



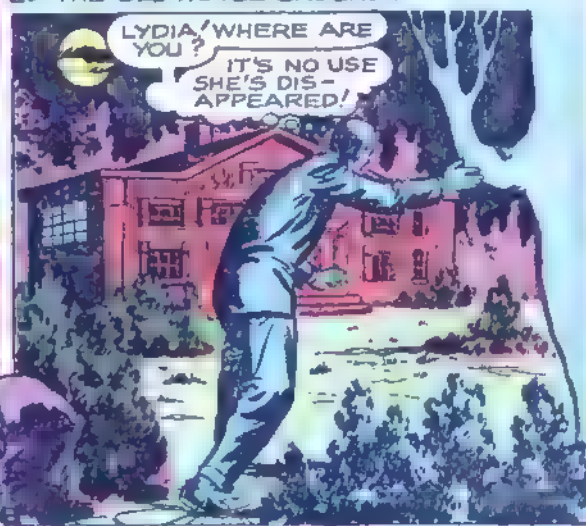
THE HORRIBLE THOUGHT OF LYDIA'S SLEEP WALKING AND HER DISAPPEARANCE FROM BED MADE KARL'S BLOOD RUN COLD!



IN BUCHAREST THE NEXT DAY, KARL STRANGELY REQUESTED THAT LYDIA AND RIMI TAKE SEPARATE BEDROOMS, THAT NIGHT



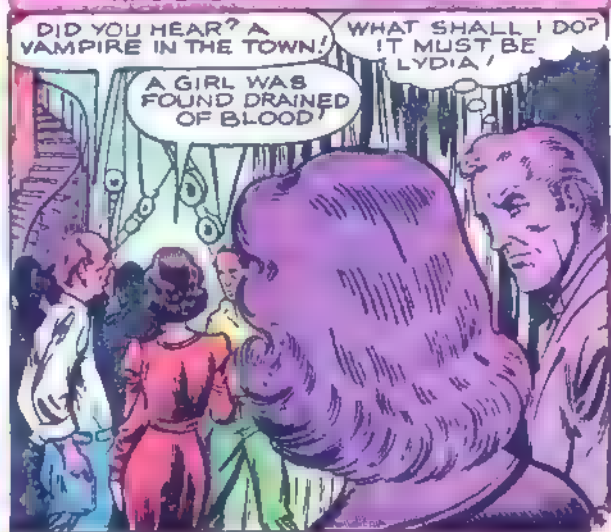
WITH TERRIBLE FOREBODING, KARL SEARCHED THE OLD HOTEL GROUNDS FOR HIS WIFE!



THAT NIGHT SOMETHING OR SOMEONE DRAINED AND DRANK THE BLOOD OF AN INNOCENT GIRL!

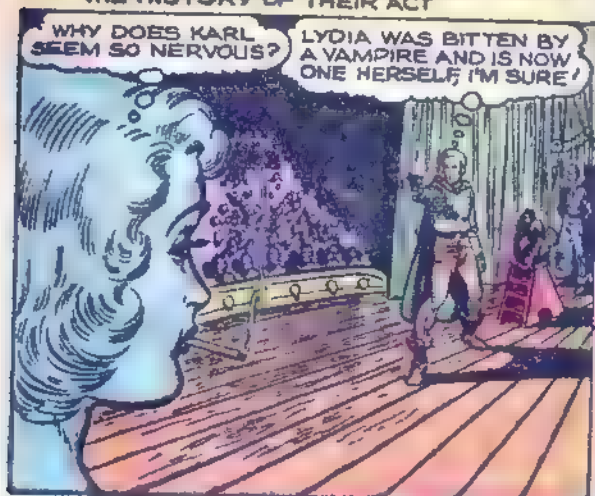


BACKSTAGE AT THE THEATRE NEXT DAY, THERE WAS EXCITED MUTTERING.



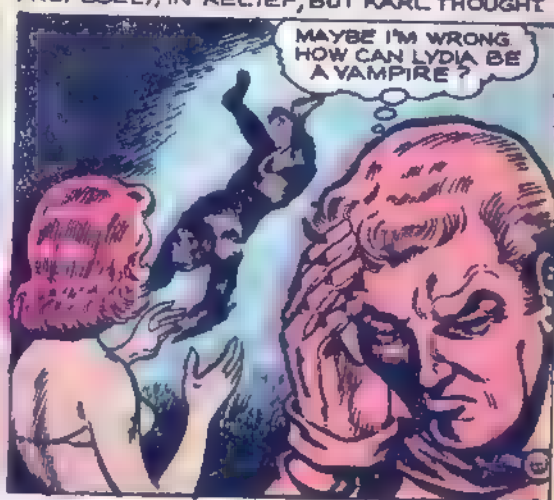
RATTLED BY HIS SHOCKING SUSPICIONS OF HIS WIFE, DISTRACTED BY HER DISAPPEARANCES, KARL FELT UNNERVED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE HISTORY OF THEIR ACT

AS THE CIGARETTE IN LYDIA'S MOUTH FELL APART, THE SHOT REACHING ITS TARGET WITH KARL'S UNERRING AIM, LYDIA PERSPIRED PROFUSELY, IN RELIEF, BUT KARL THOUGHT



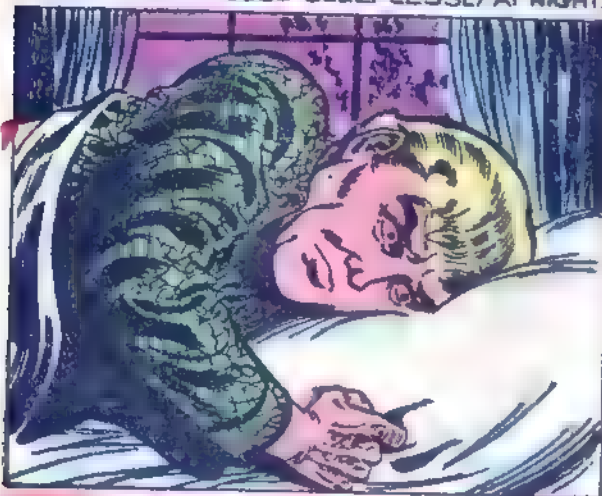
WHY DOES KARL SEEM SO NERVOUS?

LYDIA WAS BITTEN BY A VAMPIRE AND IS NOW ONE HERSELF, I'M SURE!



MAYBE I'M WRONG HOW CAN LYDIA BE A VAMPIRE?

ONCE THE SUSPICION HAD TAKEN ROOT THAT LYDIA HAD BEEN INFECTED WITH VAMPIRISM, KARL COULDN'T ESCAPE ITS INSIDIOUS POISON AND TOSSED SLEEPLESSLY AT NIGHT!



SHALL I GO SEE IF SHE'S IN BED? NO, I DARE NOT!

BACK IN BED, THE IMAGES OF LYDIA AS A VAMPIRE SEEKING OUT VICTIMS HAUNTED HIM.

HEAR YE, HEAR YE... MY GOD, I MAY BE NEXT! WHAT'S THAT... A TOWN CRIER AT THIS HOUR!



LOCK ALL DOORS! A VAMPIRE HAS KILLED A MAN!



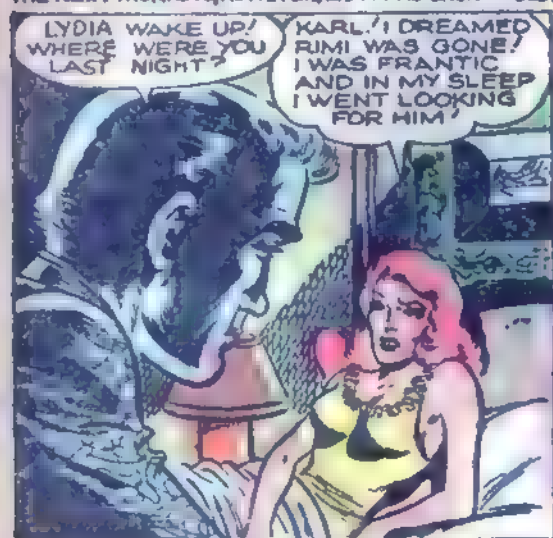
I MUST SEE IF LYDIA'S IN BED!

HIS WORST FEARS WERE REALIZED, LYDIA WAS GONE!



NOW I AM SURE LYDIA IS THE VAMPIRE!

THE NEXT MORNING, HOWEVER, LYDIA WAS BACK IN BED!

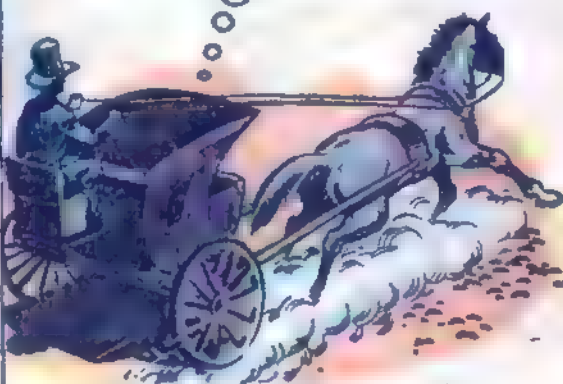


LYDIA WAKE UP! WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT?

KARL, I DREAMED RIMI WAS GONE! I WAS FRANTIC AND IN MY SLEEP I WENT LOOKING FOR HIM!

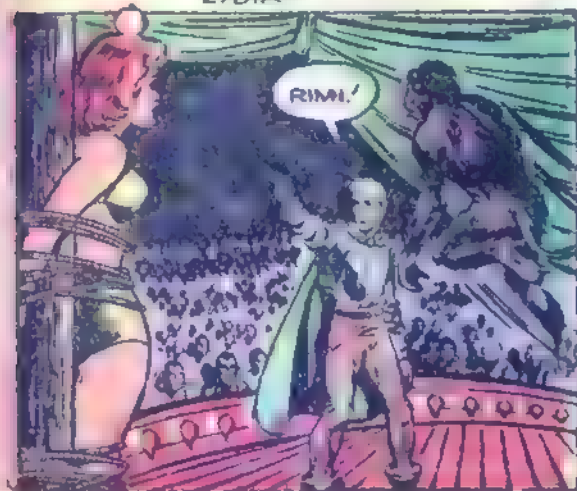
ON THE WAY TO THE THEATRE KARL BECAME FILLED WITH A TERRIBLE RESOLVE...

MAYBE I SHALL BE HER NEXT VICTIM! I HAVE TO KILL HER BEFORE SHE KILLS OTHERS...OR ME! RIMI AND I CAN MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT!

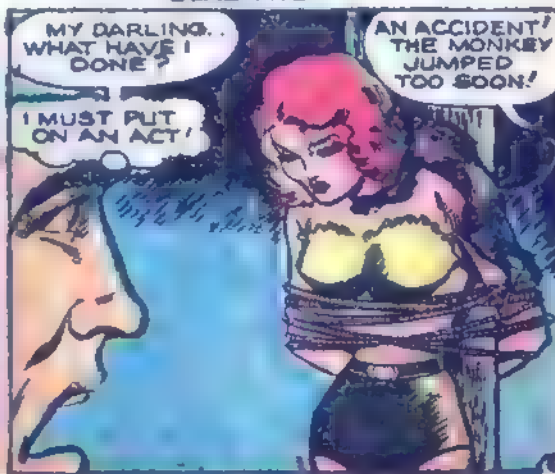


ON THE STAGE THE NEXT DAY, AS KARL WAS ABOUT TO SHOOT HE SOFTLY CALLED THE MONKEY WHO IMMEDIATELY JUMPED ON LYDIA!

WITH DEADLY AIM, KARL'S BULLET PIERCED LYDIA'S TEMPLE AS THE SHRIEKS FROM THE AUDIENCE RENT THE AIR ALONG WITH RIMI'S WILD SCREAMS!



RIMI!

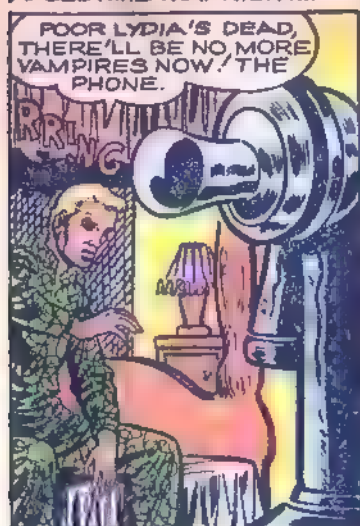


MY DARLING... WHAT HAVE I DONE?

I MUST PUT ON AN ACT!

AN ACCIDENT! THE MONKEY JUMPED TOO SOON!

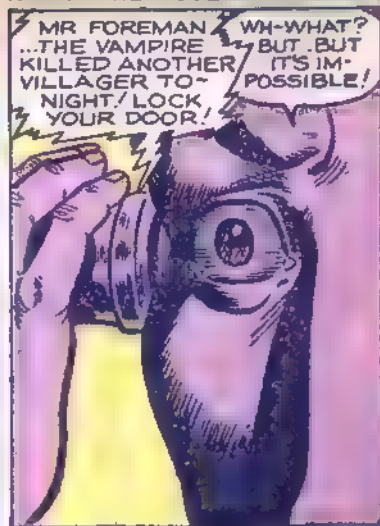
AT BEDTIME THAT NIGHT...



POOR LYDIA'S DEAD,
THERE'LL BE NO MORE
VAMPIRES NOW! THE
PHONE.

RRING

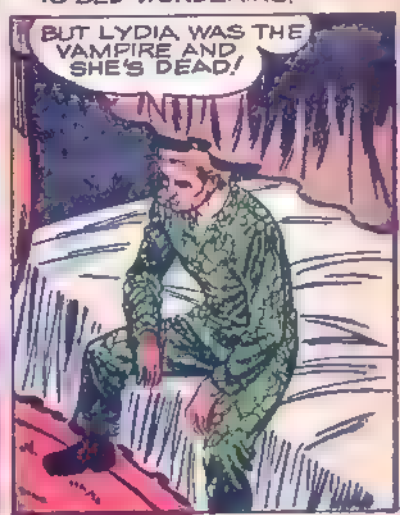
IT WAS THE HOTEL MANAGER



MR FOREMAN
...THE VAMPIRE
KILLED ANOTHER
VILLAGER TO-
NIGHT! LOCK
YOUR DOOR!

WH-WHAT?
BUT BUT
IT'S IM-
POSSIBLE!

CONFUSED, SHOCKED, KARL WENT
TO BED WONDERING!



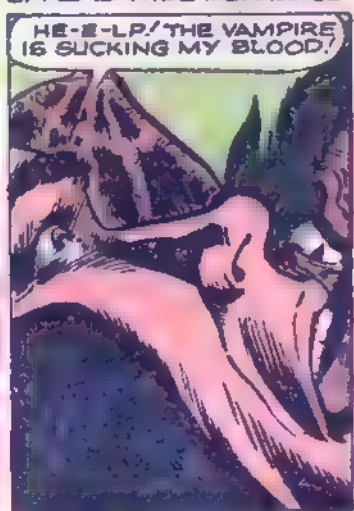
BUT LYDIA WAS THE
VAMPIRE AND
SHE'S DEAD!

LATER THAT NIGHT...AFTER
FALLING ASLEEP AGAIN, KARL
AWAKENED SUDDENLY, HIS
FINGERS CLUTCHING HIS
THROAT...



HELP...I'M
BEING
BITTEN!

OUT OF THE DARKNESS,
HUGE BATLIKE WINGS
SPREAD WIDE MENACINGLY



HE-E-LP! THE VAMPIRE
IS SUCKING MY BLOOD!

SUDDENLY, THE VAMPIRE
BEGAN TO SHRINK, CHANG-
ING FORM. AS KARL'S EYES
REMAINED FIXED IN HORROR



MY GOD...
IT'S...IT'S
RIMI!



RIMI... YOU THE VAMPIRE!
NOT LYDIA...ARRRRH!



THE NEXT DAY A NEW BODY JOINED LYDIA
IN THE CEMETARY! KARL'S... HOW DO I KNOW
THIS STORY... OF COURSE I KNOW. YOU SEE...
I'M THE WATCHMAN OF THE GRAVEYARD!
POOR KARL MADE A GRAVE MISTAKE...
DIDN'T HE?

THE
END

THE GHOST IN THE MIRROR

By ELLEN LYNN

ELLEN GARTH was always a strange child. She was always pretending she was hearing voices. She was only fifteen when I first saw her—and already showing promise of unusual beauty. But she was childlike, quiet, moody and I first came upon her when I was out riding my horse, Letty. She was stretched out prone by the side of the brook, and her slim white hand was dangling in the rushing water. So absorbed was she in this simple pastime that she hadn't even heard my horse's feet on the shrubs as we approached her. It was difficult to get her to talk, but when I dismounted and sat down beside her, remaining silent and watching the moving waters with her, she seemed to gain confidence—and from that time on we were friends.

It was just a week since I had been hired by Mr. Fred Garth as a general overseer on his farm. He knew I had left the agricultural school where I had been studying because my father had suffered financial losses and I wanted to go out and start earning my livelihood. The school had told him that I was a very "promising" student, and the truth is I was keenly disappointed at having to give up my studies in scientific farming.

"Ken Farrell," Mr. Garth approached me, "this may surprise you, but I'm going to make you manager of this farm. Frankly, I'm much impressed with you. That agricultural school must have taught you a lot."

I flushed with pleasure and surprise. "Why—thank you, Mr. Garth. I hope I can measure up to your confidence in me."

Suddenly, Mr. Garth staggered. I had to grab his arm to keep him from falling. He was clutching his chest and his face was ghastly white. After I had helped him into the house and he had sat a while, he was able to talk. "Ken, I have a bad heart. I am lucky you came to this farm when you did. My mind is at peace to have a competent person in charge. You're young—but you're smart. Promise me you'll stay and look out for my wife and daughter, Ellen."

A month later, Fred Garth was dead. Dr. Sidney Allen, a neighbor, called every evening on the widow, Grace. She was a frail, lovely-looking woman—who seemed confused and lost without her husband.

One day Mrs. Garth called me to the house. "Ken," she said, "I am going to remarry. This may shock people—it's only a few months since Fred died—but I'm a helpless creature and I feel that Ellen should have a father. I love my girl dearly—but it was always Fred who saw to her upbringing and I'm afraid of the responsibility." She paused and her eyes were filled with tears. Then—"I'm going to marry Dr. Allen. He was the first to point out that Ellen needs a father."

There was something about Sidney Allen that I did not like. He was too smooth—and underneath there seemed to be a hard core. He had come to live at the Garth Farm and was devoting less and less time to the practice of medicine. Surprisingly, he kept me on as Manager, after he had married Grace Garth, undoubtedly, because he knew less about running it than I did—and the farm was doing well. But it soon became clear who was "master" of the family. He seemed to rule the household with an iron hand. It was soon obvious that Allen hadn't married for mere love. Poor Mrs. Garth had gone into a decline and kept to her bed a good deal. She would come downstairs only to be near Ellen, to protect her as much as she could. Ellen often sat with her, reading aloud, or just holding her hand. At other times Grace sat for hours before the strange mirror in her boudoir, a gift from Ellen's father.

I found myself growing more and more interested in Ellen. We often rode out together on our horses and I loved to make her laugh, to see her acting young and carefree. Even when I knew I had fallen deeply in love with her, I felt she was not quite ready for such a declaration. I would wait until she had awakened to her feeling for me—and I felt certain that she was beginning to fall in love with me. Then I would be able to take her away from her grasping stepfather, whose only god was greed. So I waited.

As I was being let into the foyer one evening, I could hear Dr. Allen's voice, sharp, angry, coming from the parlor. He had asked me to come at eight o'clock and I decided to sit there and wait till he finished what sounded like a family argument. I had no intention of eavesdropping and was deciding to leave and come back in a half-hour when my own name entered into the discussion. Much to my amazement, I heard Dr. Allen objecting to Ellen's mother that Ellen was getting too "chummy" with that Ken Farrell. "Don't let her get any romantic notions about our farm manager," he said. "She's nearly seventeen and it's time to think of her settling down and marrying. In fact, Ben Anderson and I have talked about Ellen and him. Our farms adjoin and we could combine the two and run a real enterprise. Ben is a smart boy and runs his farm practically singlehanded. That boy, Ken, tries to run our place by books. Ellen must stop seeing him—you know of course what he's after—this farm . . ."

"Oh no, Sidney, you can't. You must not. Ben is fifty, old enough to be her grandfather. He's a miser. He'll beat her." The gentle Grace was wild, infuriated.

"I married you to protect her," wept Grace. I vow to you I will save her, even if I have to come back from the dead to do it."

Events moved fast after this. Suddenly there

was a thud as though someone had fallen. Throwing caution to the winds, I hurried into the parlor and saw Mrs. Allen crumpled on the floor. Dr. Allen was saying—"It's her heart, poor dear. It's all over. Oh, God, why has this happened to me?"

Dr. Allen rushed me out of my job and out of the house. My only comfort was the determination that I would come back for Ellen. So grief-stricken was she, and so watched over by her step-father, I couldn't even see her before I left. But I got to know all the details of the occurrences after I left. Strange as they were, I finally returned, just in time.

Mrs. Ganth—or Mrs. Allen—had left a will bequeathing all the lands to Dr. Allen with one odd condition: that he never part with the large, brass-framed mirror that hung in her boudoir. Dr. Allen called it a crazy idea—"Poor Grace was getting unbalanced toward the end"—but there was nothing he could do about it—he had to obey the conditions of the will.

The shock of her mother's death and the harshness of her stepfather toward her gentle mother and herself, had a serious effect on Ellen. She retreated more and more into herself. The little resistance she had put up against him while her mother was alive disappeared. She was now meek and obedient to the wishes of Dr. Allen. The only time she seemed happy was when she sat in her mother's boudoir before that large, brass-framed mirror.

"You don't have to sit there admiring yourself, Miss," her step-father sarcastically informed her. "You have an admirer downstairs waiting to see you. Ben Anderson is ready to marry you and the sooner you settle down with him the better."

"It isn't myself I see in that mirror," Ellen replied. "My mother talks to me."

"Ben better marry you soon—before he discovers you're balmy," Dr. Allen laughed. "What does your mother say to you, pray tell?"

"She tells me not to worry—that she can be a better mother to me now than she ever was before . . . that she is stronger and can protect me from all evil . . ."

Ellen's stepfather snorted—"So now we believe in ghosts—and this is a haunted house! Enough of this foolishness. Make yourself presentable and go downstairs to see your fiance."

Doing as she was bid, Ellen went down to see Ben Anderson. But Dr. Allen was disturbed by her calm self-assurance, by her contented smile. Truthfully, she didn't seem unbalanced of mind at all. What trickery was going on? Hearing the remote voices of Ellen and Ben downstairs in the parlor, he was about to join them to bring things to a head concerning their marriage, when he stopped at the open door of the boudoir. Was he imagining things? A soft voice, like Grace's, called his name: "Sidney—Sidney—in here . . . come in here . . ." It was some kind of hallucination, but Dr. Allen boldly walked into the room. In the dark boudoir, faintly illumined by the moon

through the windows, he thought he saw a shadow playing upon the surface of the brass-framed mirror. It was just a train of thought that made him imagine it had the outlines of—Grace. With a start he turned to walk out of the room when again he heard that soft voice: "Sidney—come—follow me—you must—follow me . . ." Wheeling around, he saw the shadow on the mirror fade away. A sudden chill came over him and he hurried downstairs.

Dr. Allen hastened the date of the wedding and it was noted by all that Ellen went about her preparations pleasantly, patiently. Everyone knew she was not in love with Ben; she appeared to be waiting, waiting for something to happen—something sure to stop the wedding. The atmosphere was charged with tension. It was like racing against Time, with Dr. Allen rushing to get that marriage over before anything could happen. The only composed person was—Ellen.

When the wedding day arrived and the guests started to come, Dr. Allen's face wore a triumphant smile. He even patted his neighbor on the back, "Well, Ben, we're practically partners, now. Let's shake on it."

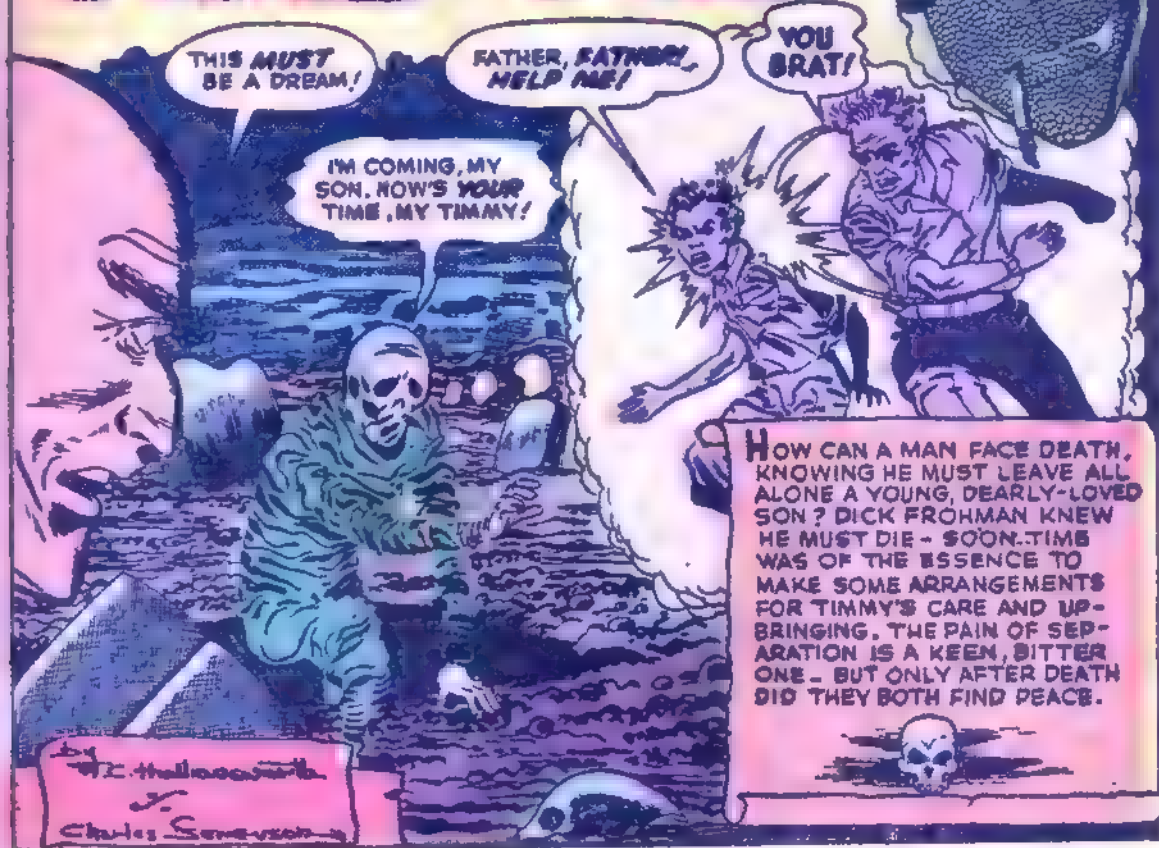
Then he saw me enter the house. I could see the expression of fury on his face. In scarcely suppressed tones of anger, he approached me, saying, "Ken Farrell, only invited guests may come to Ellen's wedding." I answered, "That is why I am here, Dr. Allen. Ellen sent me a letter inviting me here." He appeared highly nervous and I watched him hurry up the stairs. What happened—I learned later. He found Ellen in her bridal attire, sitting before the Mirror. He heard a voice say: "Darling, you will not marry Ben—you may be sure of that. I shall keep my promise." Then he saw the same shadow in the Mirror—"Come, Sidney—follow me—you must, you know . . ." With a burst of fury and a loud scream, Dr. Allen rushed to the Mirror and hammered it with his fists—"You witch," he yelled, "I don't know what trickery Ellen is up to but here's what I think of your ugly mirror—and this wedding will take care of your Will." There was a resounding crash as Dr. Allen's blows splintered the mirror and the heavy glass came clattering down. Blood was streaming from his pierced wrists and he fell heavily to the floor.

All the guests had rushed upstairs upon hearing the clamor. There I saw my beautiful Ellen, her face horrified—but she rushed to me and I enfolded her in my arms. Her letter had merely told me to come today—there was an urgency about it—but now her eyes told me what for so long I had hoped to see—that she loved me. Ellen had felt that I in some way would save her from her marriage to Ben.

But was it play-acting? Sure it couldn't be, you will say. But there, glistening on the floor near the shattered glass, like a protective amulet, was the gold wedding band which Ellen's mother had worn in death and which was buried with her!

STOP AWHILE, HORROR-SEEKERS, AND READ THIS TALE YET TO BE TOLD- 'Twill MAKE YOU SHUDDER - AND PERHAPS WEEP, AND PERHAPS TO WONDER HOW YOU CAN BE GLAD FOR SOMEONE THAT IT IS HIS

TIME to DIE



OVER THE HAPPY COMPANIONSHIP OF FATHER AND SON, HUNG A HEAVY PALL. THE BLACK WINGS OF A SHADOWY FIGURE CHILLED THE HEART OF DICK FROHMAN AS HE TENDERLY WATCHED HIS TIMMY ...

GEE, DAD, THESE ELECTRIC TRAINS ARE SWELL. THANKS!

YOU DESERVE THEM, TIMMY, BOY.



EACH GOODNIGHT WAS TO THE FATHER A FRIGHTENING SEPARATION FROM HIS MOTHERLESS BOY.

SEE YOU IN THE MORNING, DADDY!

HAPPY DREAMS, TIM. (IF I ONLY MAY HAVE A FEW MORE DAYS.)



THE OMINOUS WORDS OF THE DOCTOR— ONLY YESTERDAY GIVING HIM HIS DEATH SENTENCE, HAMMERED ON DICK'S BRAIN AS THE MINUTES TICKED BY.

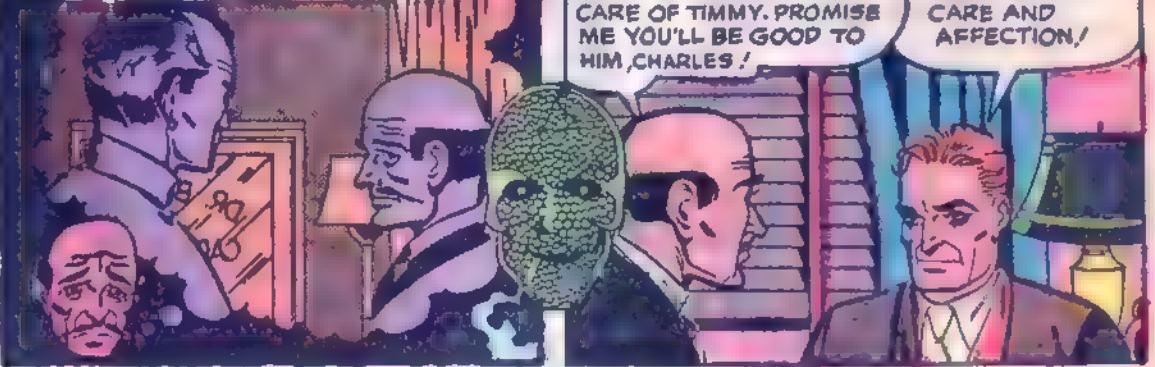
I MUST BE HONEST WITH YOU. YOU WILL DIE IN A FEW DAYS!

BUT I MUST LIVE! WHO WILL TAKE CARE OF TIMMY?

NEXT DAY, HIS STORY TOLD TO CHARLES CROCKER, THE BOY'S UNCLE. A WEIGHT LIFTED FROM DICK'S MIND AS CHARLES SEEMED A HELPFUL FRIEND. BUT CHARLES THOUGHT DICK A LITTLE CRACKED..

AND I'LL HAVE MY INSURANCE TURNED OVER TO YOU FOR THE CARE OF TIMMY. PROMISE ME YOU'LL BE GOOD TO HIM, CHARLES!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT MY FRIEND, I'LL GIVE TIMMY EVERY CARE AND AFFECTION!



YOU SEE, CHARLES, I KNOW I WILL BE WATCHING TIMMY EVEN IF I'M DEAD. I'LL KNOW IF HE IS UNHAPPY AND I'LL COME FOR HIM!



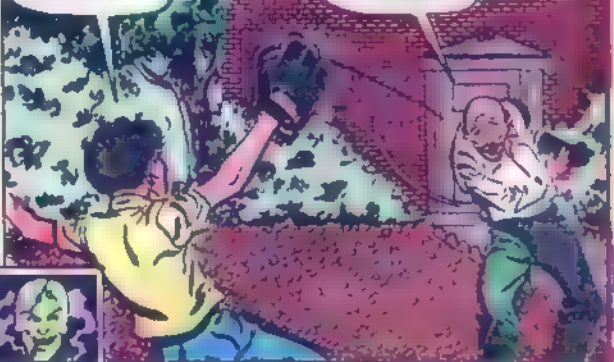
IF SOMEONE SAID THAT TO YOU... WOULD YOU THINK HE WAS CRACKED TOO?



THE NEXT FEW DAYS DICK JUST MARKED TIME, BUT DICK SAVORED EVERY JOY HE COULD IN HIS COMPANISHIP WITH TIMMY...

GEE, DAD, THAT WAS A SWELL PITCH!

YOU'RE A GREAT LITTLE CATCHER, TIMMY!



THE PAIN HIT—SUDDENLY, STUNNINGLY...

DADDY, DADDY! WHAT IS IT?

H-E-L-P M-E... I-N-S-I-D-E... I'-L-L T-E-L-L Y-O-U!



SLOWLY, PAINFULLY, DICK TOLD TIM THAT HE MUST DIE— BUT THAT HIS GOOD FRIEND, CHARLES CROCKER WOULD BE A FATHER TO HIM...

NO, NO! I WANT TO GO WITH YOU! I WANT TO DIE TOO!

YOURS IS NOT THE TIME TO DIE, TIMMY!



AND THEN THE HOUR OF DOOM STRUCK!

MY BOY- YOUR FATHER'S DEAD. HE WOULD WANT YOU TO BE BRAVE!

I WANT TO GO WITH HIM.. PLEASE LET ME!



STEP BY STEP, ALL THE REGULAR PROCEEDINGS TO MAKE DEATH FINAL, IRREVOCABLE, FOLLOWED IN DUE COURSE - CLANGING LIKE A BELL IN THE EARS OF THE UNHAPPY BOY...

MR. CROCKER, HERE'S THE DEATH CERTIFICATE FOR DICK!

YES, DR. QUIGLEY!

ON HIS WAY TO HIS LAST RESTING PLACE, DICK'S BODY STOPPED AT THE MORTICIAN FOR EMBALMING AND DRAINING OF HIS BLOOD...

AT THE CHURCH, THE TRAGIC SIGHT OF A GRIEF STRICKEN BOY UNWILLING TO LET HIS FATHER GO, AFFLICTED THE WEeping EYES OF ALL...

I WANT TO GO WITH YOU, DADDY! TAKE ME, PLEASE!

WAS IT THE IMAGINATION OF AN OVERWROUGHT BOY THAT HEARD HIS FATHER'S ANSWER?

NO, TIMMY, IT'S NOT TIME FOR YOU TO DIE!

NO MORE TEARS, TIMMY. IT'S FINISHED AND YOUR FATHER WILL NEVER COME BACK. I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU NOW!

YES, CHARLES!

BUT SOON AFTER THE INSURANCE WAS COLLECTED, CHARLES PROCEEDED TO TAKE CARE OF TIMMY, BUT IN HIS OWN WAY...

THERE ARE MORE BARRELS OF ASHES TO TAKE OUT, TIM. HURRY ALONG!

YES, YES, MR. CROCKER!

THIS WAS NOT THE KIND OF "FATHER'S CARE" TIMMY HAD KNOWN - THIS WAS NOT DICK'S KIND OF LOVE AND TENDERNESS...

DADDY, DADDY, WHY DIDN'T YOU TAKE ME WITH YOU?

WHAT ARE YOU MUMBLING ABOUT? FINISH UP AND GO TO BED, TIM!

LATE AT NIGHT THERE WERE SUDDEN SCREAMS FROM UP IN TIMMY'S ROOM...

THAT BRAT'S HAVING NIGHTMARE'S AGAIN... I'LL FIX HIM!



SO CHARLES CROCKER "FIXED" TIMMY AS THE HELPLESS TORTURED CHILD CRINGED IN AGONY. BUT HOW FAR CAN A CHILD'S CRIES BE HEARD, EVEN UNTO THE GRAVE?

GET IT THROUGH YOUR HEAD. YOUR FATHER'S DEAD! THE DEAD CAN'T HEAR!

DADDY, DADDY! I WANT YOU!



BUT CAN'T THEY? AT THE GRAVEYARD, A SERIES OF STRANGE, UNBELIEVABLE EVENTS TOOK PLACE - THAT WERE TALKED ABOUT FOR YEARS TO COME...

I HEAR YOU, TIMMY, I'LL GET MY BODY AND COME...



THE BERE GHOST THAT CONFRONTED THE GOGGLE-EYED GRAVE DIGGER, SPEAKING IN HOLLOW TONES THAT FROZE HIS BLOOD, LOOKED LIKE THE YOUNG FATHER THAT HE BURIED A FEW DAYS AGO...

D-I-G U-P M-Y G-R-A-V-E -R-E-S..SURE... L-E-A-S-E M-Y B-O-D-Y...



STEP BY STEP, DICK'S CORPSE PROCEEDED BACKWARD WITH BODY, FROM THE GRAVE TO THE MORTICIAN...

R-E-S-T-O-R-E M-Y B-L-O-O-D T-O M-Y Y-E-H-N-S...

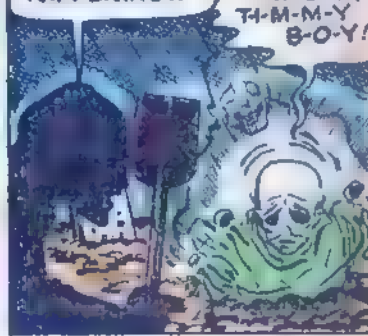
Y-YES!



RELEASED FROM THE GRAVE, THE DECAYED BODY OF DICK CLIMBED OUT AND CARRIED BY THE GHOST, HURRIED TOWARD A GOAL...

I'M OVERWORKED.. THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING...

W-O-N'T B-E L-O-N-G N-O-W, T-H-M-M-Y B-O-Y!



THE STUNNED AND QUAKING MORTICIAN OBEYED HIS STRANGE VISITOR, INJECTING BLOOD BACK INTO HIS VEINS...



THEN, INEXORABLY, DICK'S BLOODED CORPSE FLOODED HIS WAY TO THE HOUSE OF CHARLES WHERE THE BEATEN BOY WHO WAS HIS SON, TIMMY, LAY BEATEN ON THE FLOOR...

WHIMPERING BRAT! TAKE THAT! ..AND THAT! AND... UGH! D-DICK..IT CAN'T BE!



CONFRONTED BY THE RETURNED DEAD, CHARLES BRAVADO EGGED RAPIDLY AS HE COWERED BEFORE A THING FROM THE UNKNOWN!

I-I WAS JUST DISCIPLINING THE BOY.



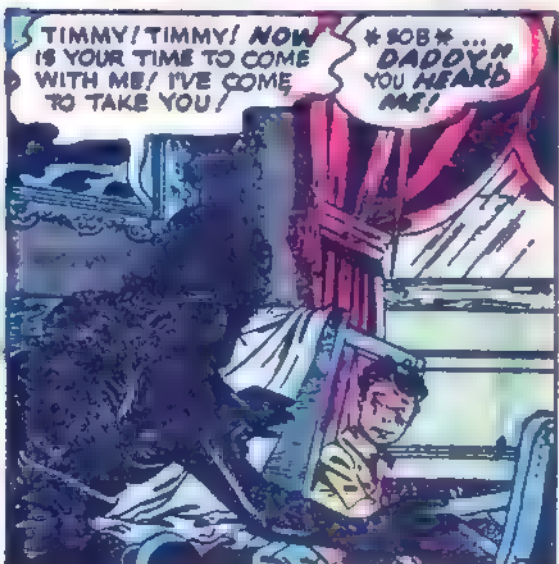
FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE, A TORTURED SPIRIT HAD DEFIED ALL THE LAWS OF NATURE, RETURNING FROM IT'S RESTING PLACE OF ETERNAL PEACE TO BRING THE SAME PEACE TO A LITTLE BOY...

A-ND N-O-W...W-H-E-R-E'S M-Y T-I-M-M-Y?



TIMMY! TIMMY! NOW IS YOUR TIME TO COME WITH ME! I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU!

SOB... DADDY! YOU HEARD ME!



AND ANOTHER MIRACLE TOOK PLACE, TIMMY -HEARD-HIS-FATHER /

DADDY, DADDY... I'M SO HAPPY YOU'VE COME FOR ME!



IT WAS NIGHT AND A COLD WIND BLEW, AS A MAN AND BOY WALKED AFFECTIONATELY TOGETHER IN THE DIRECTION OF THE CEMETERY...



A FATHER - EVEN A DEAD FATHER - CAN HEAR HIS LITTLE SON CALL HIM!



THE END



Borrow Money **BY MAIL!**

ON YOUR OWN SIGNATURE



PAY DOCTOR BILLS



PAY INSURANCE

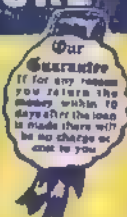


PAY OLD DEBTS



HOME REPAIRS

ANY AMOUNT
\$50⁰⁰ to \$600⁰⁰



Quick — Easy — Private — Confidential

**No Matter Where You Live in the U. S. — You Can Borrow from State Finance
No Endorsers or Co-Signers Needed — Complete Privacy Assured!**

So much easier than calling on friends and relatives . . . so much more business-like . . . to borrow the money you need **BY MAIL** from fifty-year old State Finance Company. No matter where you live in the U. S., you can borrow any amount from \$50 00 to \$600 00 *entirely by mail in complete privacy* without asking anyone to co-sign or endorse your loan. Friends, neighbors, employer . . . will **NOT** know you are applying for a loan. Convenient monthly budget payments! If loan is repaid ahead of time, you pay **ONLY** for the time you actually use the money! If you are over 25 years of age and steadily employed, simply mail the coupon below for your **FREE** Loan Application and Loan Papers. State amount you want to borrow. *Everything you need to make a loan by return mail will be sent to you in a plain envelope!* So mail the coupon below today!

**Thousands of Men and Women Like Yourself Use Our
Confidential By-Mail Loan Service**

Repay in Convenient Monthly Installments

Monthly payments are made to fit your budget best. You can start paying six weeks after the loan is made, and repay in convenient monthly payments out of your future earnings. The cost of the loan is regulated by the laws of the State of Nebraska. For example, if the loan is repaid ahead

of time, you pay only for the time you use the money . . . not one day longer! One out of three applicants get cash on their signature only. Furniture and auto loans are also made. No matter in which state you live, you can borrow from State Finance Company in complete confidence.

Clip and Mail Coupon Below for Fast Action

FREE LOAN PAPERS

NO OBLIGATION

CONFIDENTIAL

Complete privacy is assured. No one knows you are applying for a loan. All details are handled in the privacy of your own home, and entirely by mail **ONLY YOU AND WE KNOW ABOUT IT!**

IMPORTANT

You must be at least 25 years old to borrow by mail from State Finance.

**Old Reliable Company —
MORE THAN 50 YEARS OF SERVICE**

STATE FINANCE COMPANY was organized in 1897. During the past 54 years, we have helped over 1,000,000 men and women in all walks of life. Confidential loans are made all over America, in all 48 states. We are licensed by the Banking Department of the State of Nebraska to do business under the Small Loan Law.

You'll enjoy borrowing this easy, confidential, convenient way from this old, responsible company in whom you can place the greatest confidence.



**STATE FINANCE
COMPANY**

Dept. J-94, 323 Securities Bldg.
Omaha 2, Nebraska

If you are over 25 years of age and steadily employed, simply mail the coupon below for your Loan Application, sent to you in a plain envelope. There is no obligation, and you'll get fast action. You can get the money you need to help pay bills, to buy furniture, to repair your home or car, to pay doctor or hospital bills, to pay for a vacation, a trip, or for schooling, or for any other purpose. This money is here, waiting for you, so rush this coupon today!

STATE FINANCE COMPANY MAIL COUPON TODAY!
Dept. J-94, 323 Securities Bldg., Omaha 2, Neb.

Without obligation rush full details in plain envelope, with FREE Loan Application and Loan Papers for my signature, if I decide to borrow.

Name

Address

City State

Occupation Age

Amount you want to borrow \$

Check the Kind of Body YOU Want! RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!

Charles
Atlas

Awarded the
title of "The
World's Most
Perfectly De-
veloped Man."



**SILVER CUP
GIVEN AWAY**

15" Silver Cup
to pupil making
greatest physical
improvement

Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 11 lbs. and 4 1/4 inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."

—Henry Hovey, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches."

—Stanley Lynn, Calif.

"What a difference! Have put 3 1/2 inches on my chest (normal) and 2 1/2 inches expended."

—J. S., New York

"Gained 29 lbs. When I started

your course I weighed only 141. Now I weigh 170."

—J. G., New York

"The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches."

—J. S., Canada

"You changed me from a weakling to a real hero. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."

—J. W., Montreal

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll ~~add~~ **SOLID INCHES** of powerful new muscle **SO FAST** your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs—help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lary feeling. I'll wake up

that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered dynamo! You'll feel and look different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17

to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension" will turn the trick for you. No theory—so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD THE MUSCLE and VITALITY you want. And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

ARE YOU

Slimy, Weak and Run Down?

Always Tired?

Nervous?

Lacking in pep?

Run-down?

Constipated?

Suffering from bad breath?

Fat and Lumpy?

Do you want to lose or gain weight?

WHAT TO DO

ABOUT IT is told in my FREE BOOK

FREE

Illustrated 32-Page Book. Just Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over 1 1/2 MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 40711, 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 40711,
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—in The Right Place
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Gals
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ Better Regularity, Digestion, Clearer Skin
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____ Age _____
(Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____
☐ If under 24 years of age check for Booklet A.

Again we gather, heh heh, readers of horror! You are welcome to ride into our store of gruesome, titivating tales which will make your cold blood run colder, your spine more rigid, and your pulse palpitate... This is a story of horses and nightmares! Nick Templeton, wealthy man-of-the-world, spoiled and self-indulgent, brought women swooning at his feet! Dalliance with other men's sweethearts or wives was to him a game of peculiar charm in which he always came out the victor... Until one man repaid him with a **GIFT OF HATE!** Come, heh, heh, heh, join us in

Terror of the NIGHTMARES!

MY GOD! IT'S ALMA! DEAD!!

MANFRED LINK PLIED HIS BLOODY TRADE. HIS SHARP BLADE LEFT NO SCARS AND THE GULLETS HE CUT WERE FREQUENT! YET, MANFRED WAS NO CRIMINAL...

COME IN!

KNOCK KNOCK

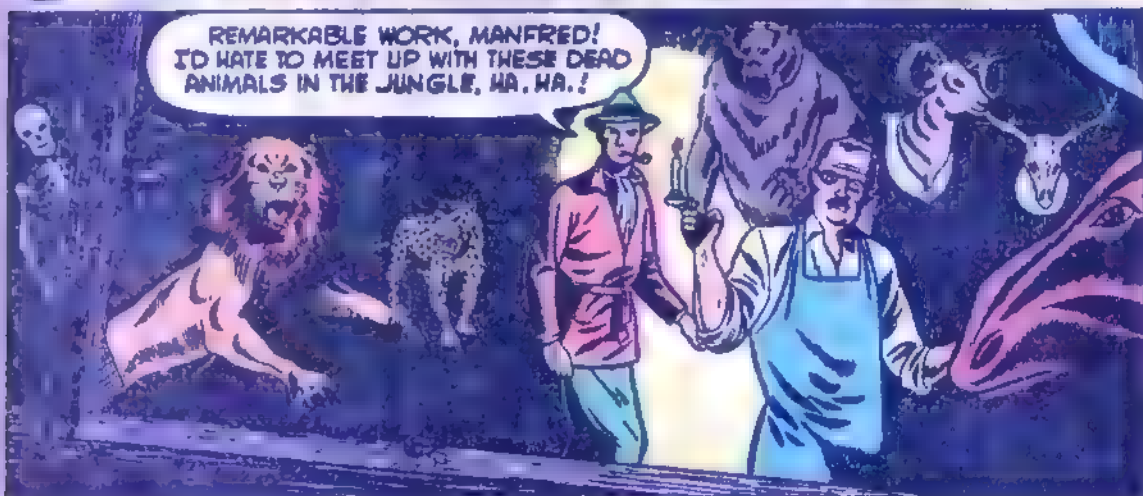
THE THROATS MANFRED CUT WERE NOT HUMAN. HE WAS THE TOWN'S TAXIDERMIST! ONE OF HIS BEST CUSTOMERS WAS NICK TEMPLETON, WHOSE HUNTING PROWESS WAS ALMOST AS REMARKABLE AS HIS PROWESS WITH THE LADIES...

HOW'S MY STAG'S HEAD COMING, MANFRED?

I'M WORKING ON IT, MR. TEMPLETON! A FINE SPECIMEN!



IT WAS A STRANGE ROOM WHICH THE TWO MEN ENTERED FROM THE WORKSHOP: LIFE-LIKE BEASTS OF THE WILDS SURROUNDED THEM IN FRIGHTENING ARRAY...



REMARKABLE WORK, MANFRED!
I'D HATE TO MEET UP WITH THESE DEAD
ANIMALS IN THE JUNGLE, HA, HA, HA!

SUDDENLY...

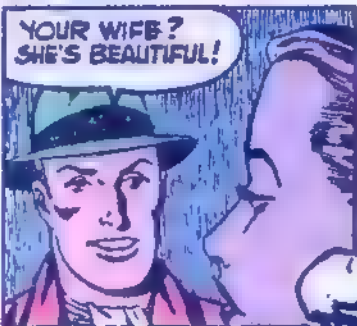
MANFRED, THAT
BEAR IS... WHY,
WHO'S THAT?

THAT'S ALMA,
MY WIFE!
COME HERE
DEAR AND
MEET MR.
TEMPLETON!



WAS IT THE CONTRAST OF ALMA'S
BEAUTY AGAINST THE UGLINESS
OF THE BEASTS, OR NICK'S
USUAL WEAKNESS FOR THE
LADIES, THAT MADE HIS BLOOD
RUSH WILDLY THROUGH HIS
BODY? AND WHY DID ALMA
SUDDENLY HOLD HER BREATH?

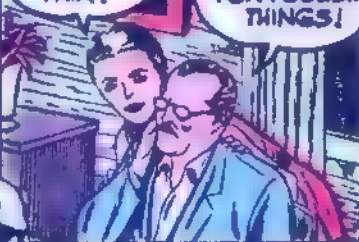
YOUR WIFE?
SHE'S BEAUTIFUL!



NICK DID NOT WANT TO TEAR
HIMSELF AWAY FROM THIS
LOVELY CREATURE, BUT HE
DID! THE MEETING SERVED TO
MAKE ALMA VENT HER USUAL
GRIEVANCE...

YOU PROMISED
TO BUY ME A NEW
DRESS AND TAKE
ME TO THE
FAIR!

YOU
KNOW
WE HAVE
NO MONEY
FOR FOOLISH
THINGS!



I'M SICK
AND TIRED
OF ALL
THIS
POVERTY!

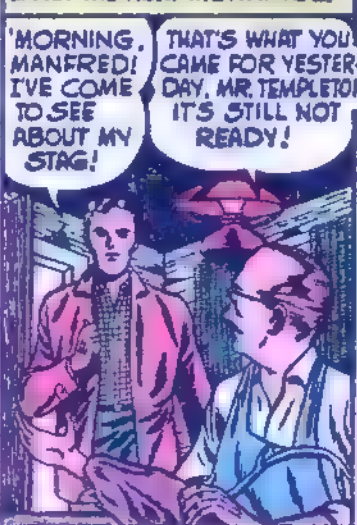
BE PATIENT,
ALMA! SOME DAY
WE WILL HAVE
SAVED ENOUGH
MONEY FOR A
BIG CITY PLACE,
WE WILL BE RICH!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...

'MORNING,
MANFRED!
I'VE COME
TO SEE
ABOUT MY
STAG!

THAT'S WHAT YOU
CAME FOR YESTER-
DAY, MR. TEMPLETON!
IT'S STILL NOT
READY!



I CAME TO PAY
YOU SOME MONEY
ON ACCOUNT!

THANK YOU,
THANK YOU,
MR. TEMPLETON!



YOU AND I KNOW IT'S AN OLD TRICK BUT SOON AFTER NICK LEFT, ALMA, WHILE CLEANING, FOUND THAT NICK HAD DROPPED HIS WALLET IN THE SHOP...

MANFRED, LOOK! THIS WALLET AND ALL THIS MONEY!

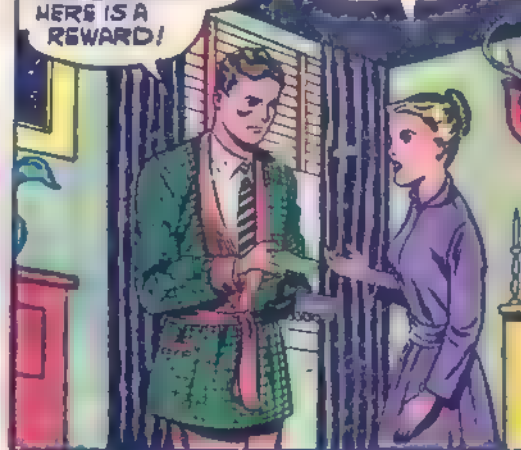
MR. TEMPLETON LOST IT! WE MUST RETURN IT TO HIM AT ONCE! BUT I'M SO BUSY! YOU MUST GO!

YES, MANFRED ROSE TO THE BAIT AND THREW THE BEAUTIFUL ALMA TO THE WOLF! NEVER BEFORE HAD SHE SEEN SUCH WEALTH AS AT THE TEMPLETON ESTATE. .



THANK YOU FOR MY WALLET! YOU ARE AS SWEET AS YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL! HERE IS A REWARD!

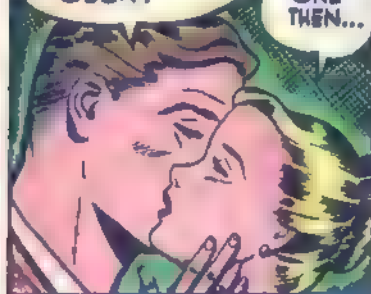
I HAVE NEVER HAD SO MUCH MONEY BEFORE!



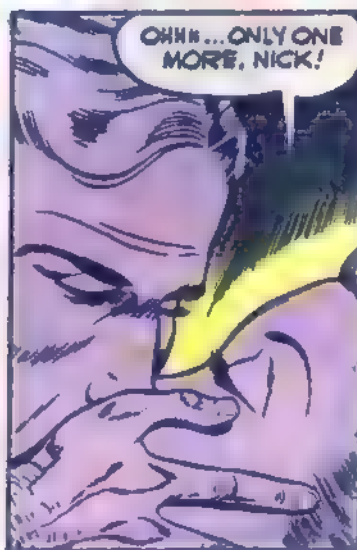
ALMA WAS OVER WHELMED AND SHE GAVE AS FREELY OF HER CHARMS AS NICK OF HIS MONEY...

LET ME KISS YOU BEFORE YOU GO, AND PROMISE ME YOU WILL RETURN... SOON!

OH, NO! WELL... JUST ONE THEN...



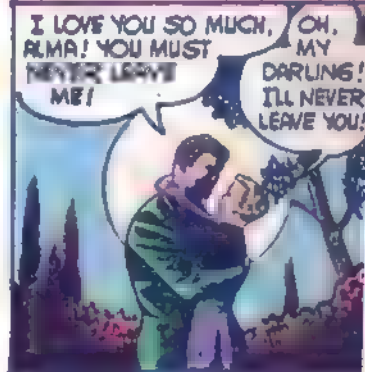
OH... ONLY ONE MORE, NICK!



YES, THE INEVITABLE HAPPENED! THAT KISS WAS THE FIRST OF MANY MORE MEETINGS AND PASSIONATE EMBRACES... AND SOON NICK WAS FALLING IN LOVE WITH ALMA...

I LOVE YOU SO MUCH, ALMA! YOU MUST NEVER LEAVE ME!

OH, MY DARLING! I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOU!

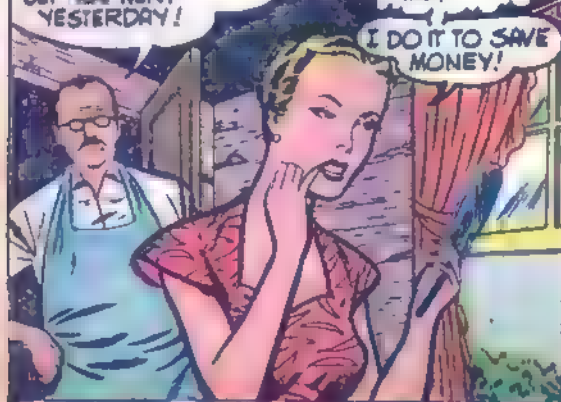


WITH ALMA'S ABSENCES GROWING MORE FREQUENT, THE SUSPICIONS OF MANFRED STARTED TO TAKE ROOT...

AGAIN FOR GROCERIES? BUT YOU WENT YESTERDAY!

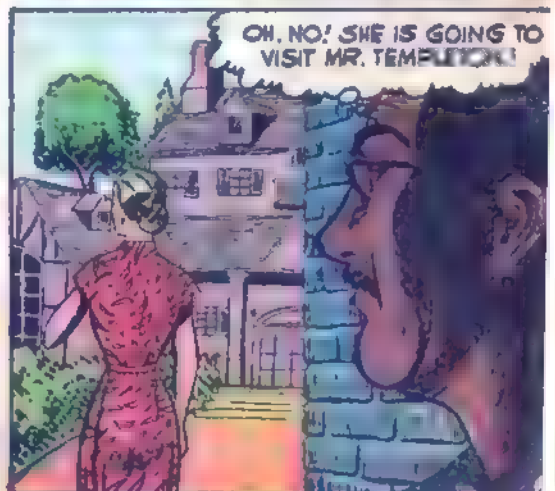
OH, HE SUSPECTS ME!

I DO IT TO SAVE MONEY!

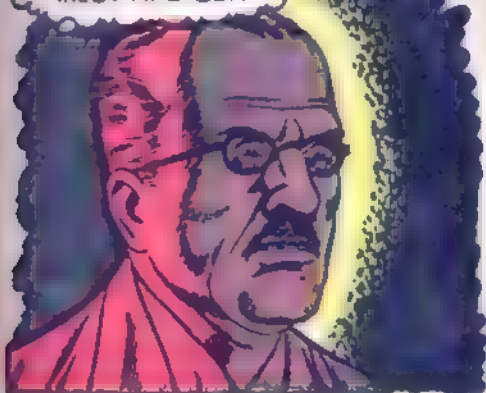


MANFRED WAS NOT SO EASILY APPEASED AND HE DECIDED TO FOLLOW THE PRETTY ALMA

OH, NO! SHE IS GOING TO VISIT MR. TEMPLETON!

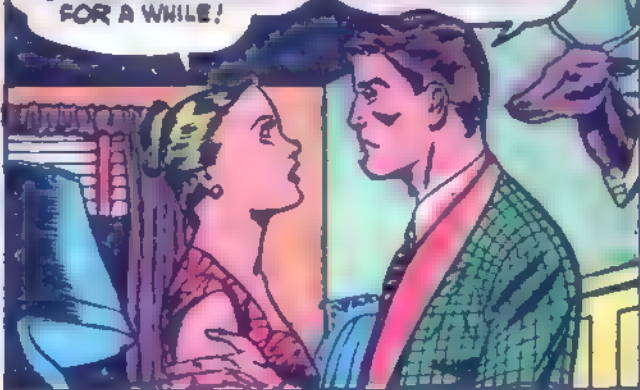


PERHAPS IT IS ONLY
AN INNOCENT VISIT! I
MUST FIND OUT!



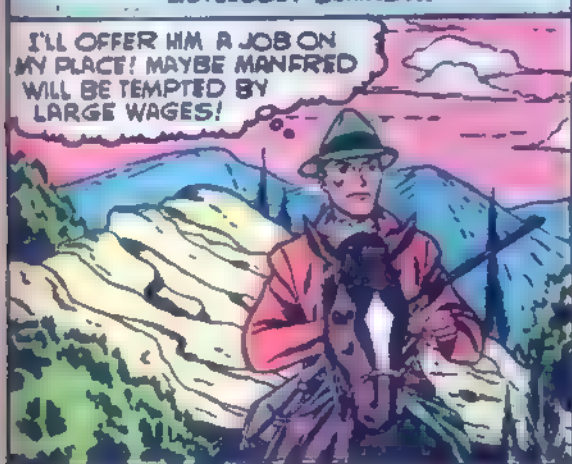
NICK, I THINK MANFRED
SUSPECTS US! WE MUST
NOT SEE EACH OTHER
FOR A WHILE!

YOU KNOW BEST, MY
LOVE! BUT DON'T STAY
AWAY TOO LONG!

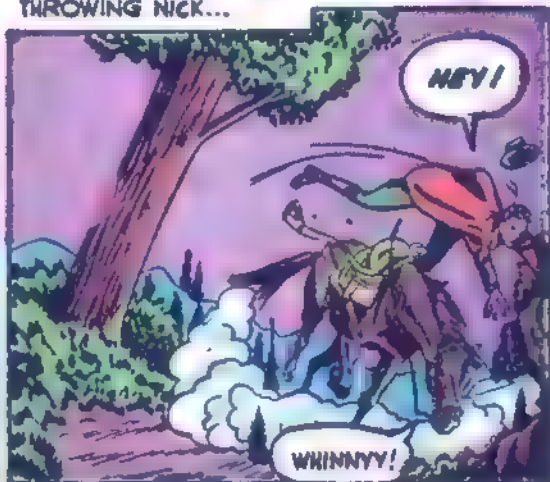


A WEEK PASSED! LIKE AN OBSESSION, NICK
COULD NOT GET ALMA OUT OF HIS MIND! INSTEAD
OF LEADING A HUNTING PARTY, HE HAD FALLEN
LISTLESSLY BEHIND...

I'LL OFFER HIM A JOB ON
MY PLACE! MAYBE MANFRED
WILL BE TEMPTED BY
LARGE WAGES!



THE IRREGULAR TERRAIN AND NICK'S
WANDERING THOUGHTS BROUGHT ON DISASTER
AS NICK'S FAVORITE HORSE, PRINCE, STUMBLERD,
THROWING NICK...



PRINCE! YOU'RE LEG
IS BROKEN! SORRY,
OLD PAL, I'VE GOT
TO SHOOT YOU!



AND SO, NICK PUT HIS
BELOVED HORSE OUT OF
HIS AGONY, HIS OWN SPIRITS
AT THEIR LOWEST...

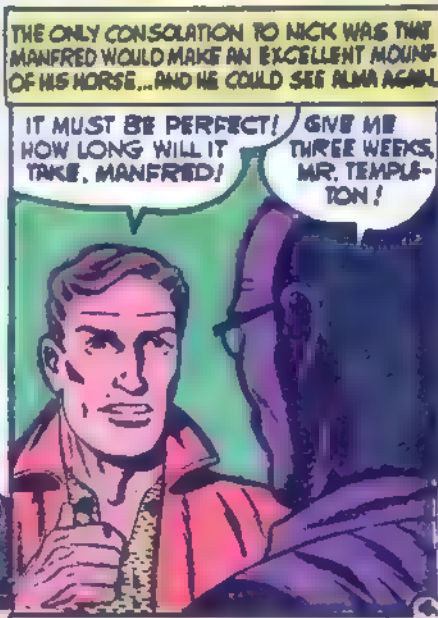
GOODBYE,
PRINCE!



THE ONLY CONSOLATION TO NICK WAS THAT
MANFRED WOULD MAKE AN EXCELLENT MOUND
OF HIS HORSE...AND HE COULD SEE ALMA AGAIN.

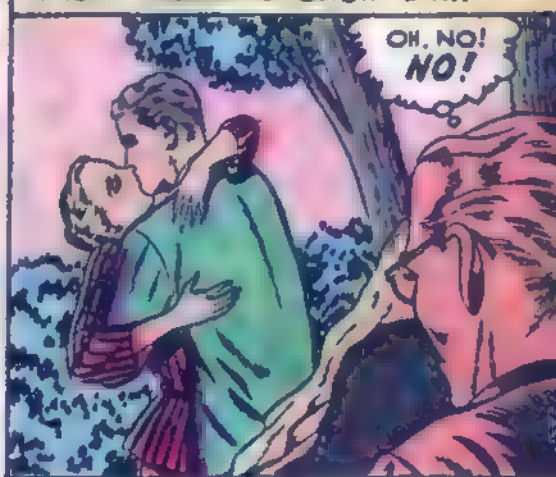
IT MUST BE PERFECT!
HOW LONG WILL IT
TAKE, MANFRED!

GIVE ME
THREE WEEKS,
MR. TEMPLE-
TON!



ALMA HEARD NICK'S VOICE AND SHE COULD NOT
RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO FOLLOW HIM...

MANFRED HEARD ALMA'S DOOR CLUCK AND
ALTHOUGH HIS SUSPICIONS HAD BEEN WILLED,
HE AGAIN DECIDED TO FOLLOW HER...



LATE THAT NIGHT, ALMA RETURNED
TO THE WAITING MANFRED! HIS
EYES, AND THE EYES OF ALL
THE BEASTS ON THE WALL,
STARED ACCUSINGLY AT HER...

ALL HIS PENT-UP PURY AND
JEALOUSY CAME OUT IN THE WILD
BLOWS OF THE IRATE HUSBAND...

THAT NIGHT, MANFRED'S
SHARP BLADE CUT IT'S
MOST BEAUTIFUL THROAT.
SO BEAUTIFUL, IT COULD HAVE
BEEN ALMA'S...HEH...HEH...

WHY DID YOU
COME BACK
FROM MR.
TEMPLETON?

ER... I... I...
SO YOU
SPIED ON ME
AND YOU
KNOW!

OH, I AM GOING
AWAY! I'M GOING
TO NICK!

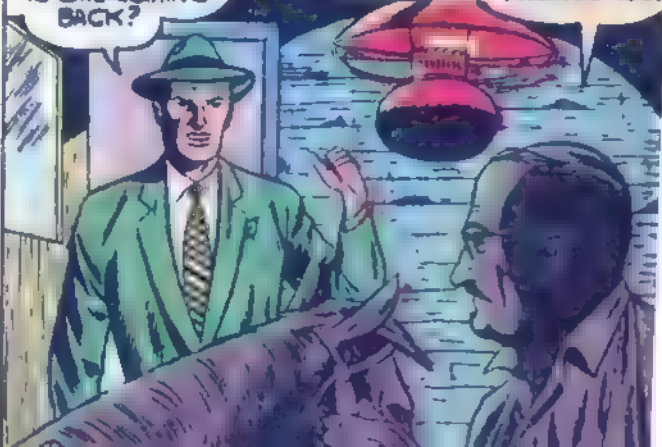
THAT YOU
ARE, BUT
NOT RIGHT
AWAY!



ALL WE KNOW IS THAT ALMA WAS
NO LONGER SEEN AND SOON WAS
MISSED! EVERYONE WAS CUT
UP ABOUT IT...MAYBE EVEN
ALMA...HEH, HEH, BUT
MANFRED HAD A
READY ANSWER...

ALMA'S BEEN AWAY FOR
TWO WEEKS NOW,
MANFRED! WHEN
IS SHE COMING
BACK?

SHE WENT TO THE CITY TO FIND A
NEW SHOP FOR ME! WHEN I FINIS
PRINCE, YOU WILL SEE HER, I
PROMISE YOU!



MEANWHILE, MANFRED WORKED PATIENTLY RESTORING NICK'S HORSE...

SOON YOU WILL BE FINISHED, PRINCE OLD BOY!



FINALLY, MANFRED DELIVERED THE STUFFED AND MOUNTED PRINCE, AND A LIFE LIKE REPRODUCTION IT WAS...

YOU'RE AN ARTIST, MANFRED! IT'S PRINCE! COME TO LIFE! MY TROPHY ROOM IS IN THAT BUILDING! WE'LL BRING HIM IN THERE!



FOR MONTHS, NICK CONSOLED HIMSELF FOR THE MISSING ALMA BY ENJOYING HIS STUFFED HORSE...

WHY DOESN'T SHE RETURN TO US AS SHE PROMISED... PRINCE, YOU HAVE BEEN INJURED!



SOMEHOW, PRINCE'S LEG HAD BEEN CUT AND AS HE EXAMINED AND OPENED THE RIP, NICK SAW...

A... A SKELETON! HUMAN BONES...

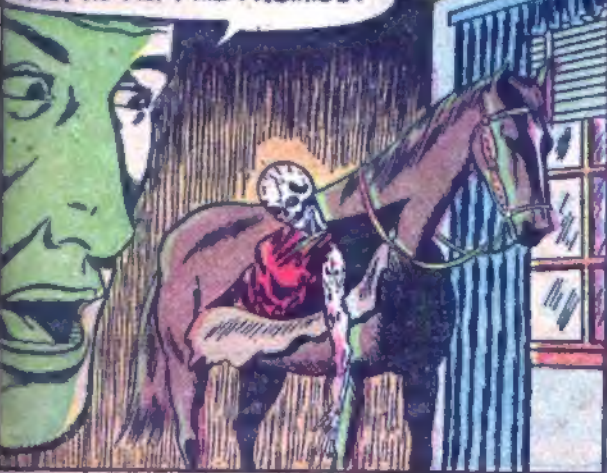


FEVERISHLY, NICK PICKED UP A DAGGER AND STARTED TO SLIT THE HORSE OPEN...

WHAT TRICK IS THIS?



MY GOD! IT'S ALMA! HE KILLED HER, AND SENT HER CORPSE TO ME! HE KEPT HIS PROMISE!



SO THIS WAS MANFRED'S REVENGE... A GIFT OF HATE... THE CORPSE OF HIS WIFE...



YES, THE JEALOUS HUSBAND KEPT HIS PROMISE! SO YOU SEE, YOU MUST BEWARE OF THOSE WHO BRING YOU GIFTS... AND WHAT'S MORE, NEVER LOOK A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH OR IN THE SIDE... HEH, HEH, HEH!



THE END

STOP PAYING 89¢ EACH FOR SMASH HIT RECORDS!

NEW "Closer Grooved" 78 R.P.M. RECORDS & 45's

THIS WEEK'S 18 Song Parade HITS!

ON BREAK-RESISTANT VINYLITE FILLED RECORDS

FOR 17¢ EACH!

COMPLETE SET OF 18 FOR \$2.98

Now! 6 Complete Hits on 1 Standard Speed Record
 Your Choice For \$2.98 — 18 Popular Hit Songs or 18 Hill Billy Hits, or 12 Square Dance Numbers



JACK RUSSELL
 (of the Sid Caesar - Imogene Coca "Your Show of Shows" on T.V.) brings you Record Hit Songs on Break-resistant 78 R.P.M. records. Only 17¢ each song.



JEFF CLARK
 formerly of the Lucky Strike Hit Parade brings you for 17¢ each the Song Parade Hits



New Improved Record
 (Closer Grooved)

Old Style Record
 (Grooved Too Far Apart)

NOTE THE OLD STYLE RECORD has only one song on each side. The New Improved record has closer grooves with three complete songs on each side. The closer grooved record puts over 10,000 inches of grooves on each side. You get 3 complete hits on each side.



12 SQUARE DANCE SONGS AND GIFT BOOK "SQUARE DANCING FOR YOUNG AND OLD" The 12 square dances are recorded on two standard speed records—8 on a side. Play on all standard speed 78 RPM record players. Six songs have calls you hear the calls. The other six are top square dance music. 12 square dances on two records. Play on all 78 RPM speed 18 inch records. The "Square Dancing For Young And Old" book is easy to follow — simplified lessons, with illustrations. You'll get more than \$2.00 worth of fun from the book alone. You get the 12 square dances plus the square dancing book for only \$2.98.

☐ You Get 12 Square Dance Songs by Nap Williams and others plus Gift Book "Square Dancing" For \$2.98

- | | | |
|--------------------|--------------|-------------------------|
| 1. ROCKIN' BIRD | Selection by | 2. CHICKEN REEL |
| 5. FLOP-EARED MULE | Nap Williams | 8. GOLDEN SLIPPER |
| 3. BUFFALO GAL | and the | 9. RED RIVER VALLEY |
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| 6. C'EST SI BON | 15. TERRY'S THEME |
| 7. BUTTERFLIES | FROM LIMELIGHT |
| 8. OH | 16. I'M WALKING |
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Doctors Developed This Formula After More Than 17 Years of Research

The group of doctors who made this sensational discovery, devoted more than 17 years to obesity research work. During all this time they found . . . as most doctors agree . . . that the safest and easiest way to lose weight is to eat less. But, to most overweight people this means a constant craving for food. And, it is that "hungry feeling" that usually makes them cheat on their diets at mealtimes, or in between meals, with the result that they lose no weight, or gain back whatever weight they may have lost.

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After more than 17 years of tireless research work, this group of doctors finally discovered a formula that satisfies hunger and stops that "hungry feeling." It comes in the form of a tasty wafer and is called MELTABS. By chewing one (or letting it dissolve in your mouth) before eating, it helps to control overeating, and stops that "hungry feeling" in between mealtimes.



How Meltabs Stops Overeating and Hunger

According to scientific calculations, one Meltab wafer has the hunger satisfying capacity of 1 lb. boiled potatoes, or 5 slices white bread, or 4 eggs—yet it contains only 5 calories.

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Before MELTABS became available to you, it was clinically-tested on a large number of normal, healthy, but overweight men and women. In making these tests, the doctors instructed the group not to go on any special diet . . . not to cut out certain foods . . . but simply take a MELTAB wafer before each meal. They were told to eat until they felt satisfied . . . that's all.

DOCTORS

approve and recommend MELTABS because it contains no drugs. The formula is the discovery of a group of doctors associated with one of New York's leading hospitals.



Clinical Tests Showed Amazing Results

Every member of the group lost from 5 to 20 pounds in a short time. In fact, satisfactory weight losses were seen the very first week. What's more, not one person ever had a single hungry moment, and all said they never felt better. Throughout the clinical tests, the doctors carefully checked the physical condition of each person . . . even to taking electrocardiograms, and found absolutely no ill-effects. All were healthier and happier after losing from 5 to 20 pounds.

Start Losing Your Excess Weight This Proved Safe Way

Here, at last, is the way to reduce safely . . . without dieting . . . without hunger . . . without giving up the foods you like. Now, more than ever before, doctors and insurance companies are warning against overweight. Make up your



Men: Why not try MELTABS, the natural way to take off excess weight that's neither good for you nor good to look at.

mind right now to lose excess weight and extra inches this "Miracle Way." Order your 30 day supply of MELTABS for only \$3.00 postpaid. MELTABS is backed by a money-back guarantee, so you can lose nothing but weight. If you aren't pleased over the weight you've lost after using one jar, you get your money back. So, clip the coupon and mail it now.

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